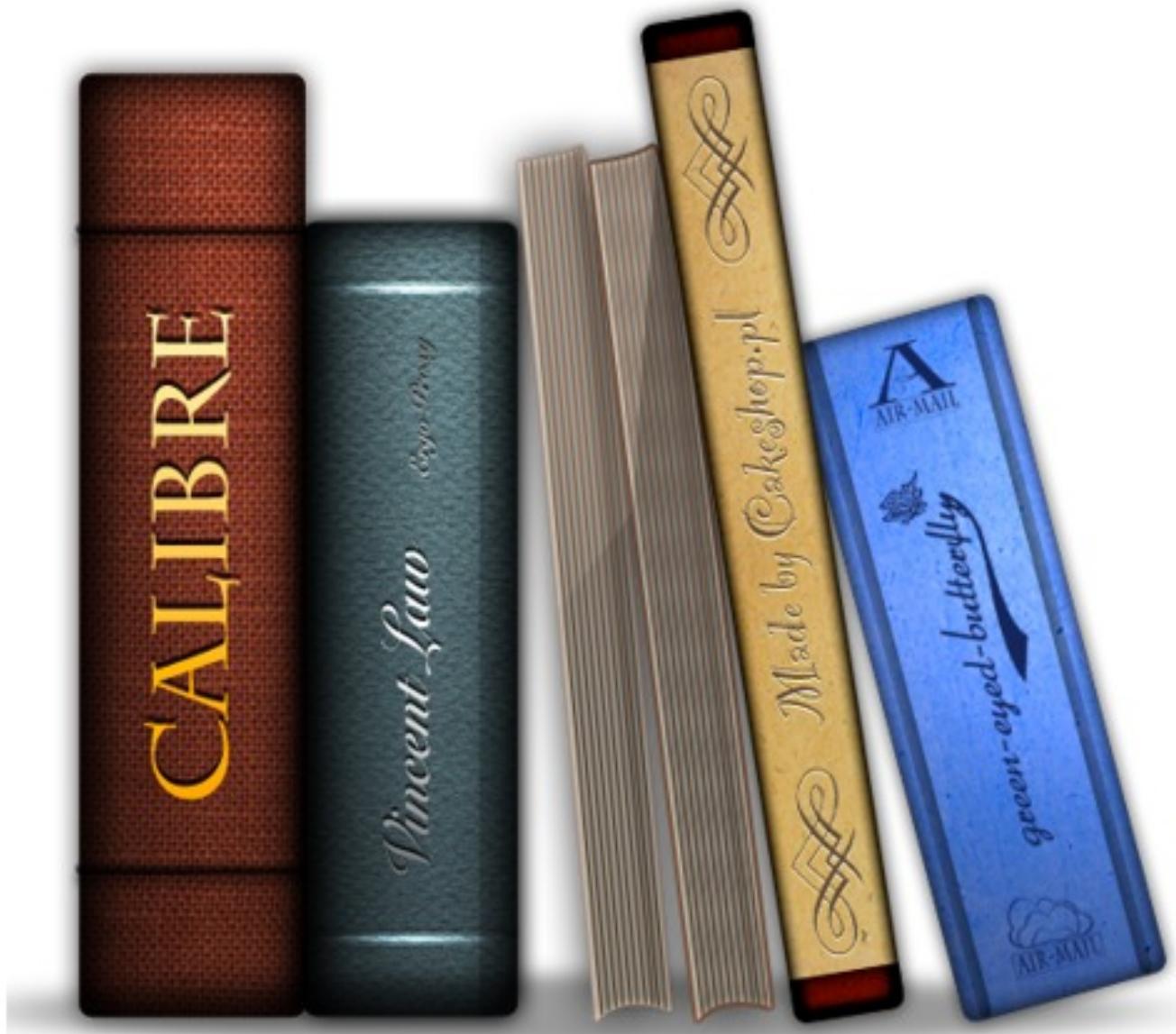


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HUNG MAN



by Aaron Thomas

AC-104 HUNG MAN by Aaron Thomas

FOREWORD

One needs only to tune in his television set during "prime time" on any night of the week to witness a seemingly endless barrage of violence.

That many people in our society are fascinated by violence -- whether the result of our increasingly safe and "civilized" world, or the vestiges of primitive instinct, or some other compulsion scientists have yet: to discover -- seems a fact of life. While most people are content to dissipate their desire to hurt or be hurt through the vicarious medium of TV, some seek a more direct course of action.

Wade Matthews is a young man who is fascinated by violence and possessed of an overwhelming urge to be dominated. His need to play the part of the masochist becomes so strong that he leaves the man he loves and sinks into a twilight world of debauchery and degradation, a world which eventually erupts into a holocaust of unbridled violence. Fortunately for Wade, the damage done is not irreversible, and he eventually returns to his lover, a sadder but wiser man. But how many others are not so lucky?

Wade Matthews' story poses to all of us the question of violence's place in our society. It is a question we can all afford to ignore.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Fucking Rick was exciting, if not always comfortable, and it was an experience different from any other young Wade Matthews had ever known.

He reached down and rubbed the crotch of his Levi's, which bulged with his excitement, as he hurried home. Just the thought of Rick -- big, handsome, athletic Rick -- was enough to give Wade a hard-on.

On the other hand, the thought of losing Rick was enough to make that hard-on subside. He told himself that he wasn't going to think about it anymore. It only brought depression and sewed to remind him of his insecurity, it certainly did no good.

It was best, Wade decided, to spend more time concentrating on his rock-hard cock. Everyone would be better off that way, he told himself as he reached down and squeezed his prick again.

As the door to the house closed behind him, he could hear Rick's voice.

"That you, Wade?" he called out.

"No, it's the mailman," Wade teased. He pulled off his coat as he bounded up the stairs, his short, compact body taking each step with a lithe, animal like grace. "What kept you up so late?" he asked.

"I couldn't sleep," Rick grinned with his customary devilish, mocking grin. "I'm horny as shit."

"Well, I have the answer to that," Wade laughed, reaching down to rub his bulging, confined prick once more.

Wade could tell by the look on his lover's face that Rick was really wanting to fuck bad tonight, wanting it almost as much as Wade himself wanted it.

Rick moved over near the bed's edge and gripped Wade's leg, pulling him closer to the mattress. Surrendering, Wade fell on top of him, and for a few

moments the two handsome young men made love to one another with their mouths and tongues and teeth. Wade opened his mouth wide as Rick's thick, insistent tongue explored the depths of his throat; Rick's breath was hot and smelled of beer. They groped and grappled while Rick asserted his overbearing strength, their bodies rolling all over the mattress.

Rick was naked. His hard, sinewy, hairy flesh rubbed against Wade's clothing, and Wade's prick strained painfully against its confines, demanding to be released and relieved.

Wade's hands reached under Rick's steel-plate buttocks; his fingers dug into the hard asscheeks, squeezing and pressing as their tongues continued to play together. Rick moved his body to cover Wade's, pressing his thick, dark-brown cock against Wade's crotch.

Wade broke away from the man's embrace and sprang to his feet. Urgently, he began to strip off his clothing, trembling in anticipation of being naked against Rick, the rough, perpetually horny young man he had grown to love. Within a matter of seconds, his clothes were scattered all over the room.

And he was making hot, exciting contact with Rick's dark flesh; shivers of longing and alarm tingled his body all over. It was almost frightening, the power Rick had over him, the way his body screamed at Rick's every touch, the way he loved -- blindly, without restraint --

just being in bed with Rick Murphy. He had been wanting Rick all night, wanting him desperately.

Wade felt the man's strong, rough-knuckled hand gliding over his smooth, boyishly flat chest, felt that hand down between his legs, the fingers tangling in his pubic hair. Reaching down, Wade grabbed Rick's big dick and began to massage the warm, cannon-shaped organ tenderly.

"Oh, baby," Wade groaned. "I could play with that cock all night."

"Well, you got it to play with, baby," Rick growled deep in his throat, and he tightened his grip on Wade's smaller cock. "Suck it," Rick then demanded. "Go ahead... suck that cock you love so much."

"I could use a mouth on my dick, too, Rick... please? Will you tonight?"

All he could do was ask. He didn't ask often, and it was seldom that the big, too-handsome stud that he kept and had grown to love reciprocated his sexual affections.

But tonight he was lucky. Rick repositioned himself between his legs, slithering his heavy, powerful body down to get in between. He held Wade's cock straight up to his mouth and began to kiss it from top to bottom, and then his lips moved tortuously neat the tip of the prick; the lips parted.

With shuddering ecstasy, Wade felt Rick's mouth circle his dick and suck the flesh in.

"Oh, that's it," Wade moaned. "Suck that cock... suck it, Rick, suck it!"

His cock inside Rick's mouth, he could not help but wonder just what sort of rough play Rick had lined up for him later tonight; when Rick bestowed his precious favors -- sexually, anyway -- he always expected a lot in return. But Wade did not care now, he couldn't think that far ahead. He could only wallow in the thrilling sensations of having his cock deep inside the rangy, muscular stud's mouth. "Suck it, Rick... suck me off!"

he kept groaning.

Rick only moaned his agreement and went down further on Wade's cock.

Saliva escaped in tiny drops from the corners of his mouth and ran down Wade's cock and into the hairs at its base. Rick began to massage the boy's balls as he went into a slow rhythm with his mouth circular and up and down at the same time. His thick, sensual lips remained tightly closed upon Wade's jutting prick; Wade gripped Rick's skull firmly between both hands and glided his mouth up and down the cock. It was so wonderful that he wanted to scream aloud his passion and pleasure --

wanted to scream and to ram his cock so deep into Rick's hot mouth that it would never come out again.

As if Rick had read his mind, he took a deep breath and dove to the bottom, sliding the cock all the way down his throat, sputtering and choking a little but never relinquishing the hard meat. Wade gave in to his ecstasy; he began to make deep-throated animal sounds and to writhe his body all over the bed.

He couldn't stand it any longer. He reached down and pulled at Rick's body, letting him know that he wanted him to turn around. After all (and Rick reminded, him frequently and pointedly) Wade was the true, natural-born cocksucker in their strange, perversely one-sided relationship, and now Wade, knowing just how true it was, wanted desperately to feel Rick's uncomfortably wide around prick in his mouth. Understanding, Rick repositioned his body until his throbbing, hard dick was only inches away from Wade's face. Rick's lips were around the tip of Wade's cock, lapping at the head and piss slit, causing Wade to squirm and moan with delight.

Without thinking, without hesitating, Wade closed his eyes and moved it until he felt the oversensitive head of Rick's cock, a cockhead that resembled a mammoth mushroom, pressing at his lips. Willingly, he opened his mouth and allowed the stiff cockflesh to move into his hungry, searching, quite expert lips.

In the darkness, the only thing which could be heard was a loud sucking sound. Wade felt relieved and safe in the darkness with his powerful lover. Rick could be rough, even brutal, but being with him was less threatening than the dark and foreboding insecurities he felt from the outside world, the constant and inexplicable fears he felt for himself and his ravenous sexual hungers -- and hang-ups. At least Rick understood those hungers, and he accepted the hang-ups.

In the darkness, ht heard Rick searching for something in a drawer next to the bed; Wade knew what Rick was doing and shivered all over in anticipation. They maintained a steady rhythm on each other's cocks while Rick opened the container and put a new popper in. Wade heard it break in the darkness, heard Rick taking a deep, guttural breath, and then the little metal holder was being extended to him by Rick's long, muscle-bulging arm.

Suddenly there was a change in Rick's rhythm. His hands gripped Wade's cock more firmly and his lips tightened, sucking harder, taking Wade's dick deeper into his mouth with each thrust.

Wade inhaled deeply, allowing the fumes to obliterate his sense of time and place and movement. All was now pure sensation, and hard, rugged, masculine flesh. At first it was like floating upward with no destination; his body felt weightless, as if it were floating through space. Tiny fingers reached out and soothed every aching nerve, every inch of flesh. The world went away, there was only a big, hairy prick in his mouth, and his cock was in another mouth -- nothing else could penetrate the fortress of ecstasy.

Cocks... big hard cocks... it was all he wanted, all he had ever wanted... the smell and the taste of a man's cock.

Rick reached out into the drawer again and then took the inhaler from Wade. Taking another deep breath, he handed it back, and Wade did the same. He felt Rick's hand, wet and slippery, massaging his aching balls, rubbing them hard and allowing his fingers to move over them while he sucked his cock. Then he slipped lower between Wade's legs and spread some of the cream over his asshole, teasingly at first, rubbing his middle finger around the lips of the puckered anus. Each stroke became harder and deeper.

Wade took another whiff of the popper and let his body go, released all inhibitions, opened his legs wide. Rick's big, knobby finger moved into Wade's asshole, massaging the inner walls, pressing deeper and deeper.

Then a second and a third finger entered the hole. Wade dug his heels into the mattress and lifted himself up in the air a little to give Rick better access to his asshole.

"Move that ass," Rick grunted. "Move it on my fingers, you little bitch.

I'm gonna fuck it... you know that, don't you? You're gonna pay for gettin' your dick sucked tonight, baby... and pay good. I want to stick my big dick up that fucked-out hole of yours."

Wade could not answer. Rick was mean to him in bed, and Wade loved it. He continued moving his body in such a way as to take Rick's fingers deeply into his ass. Rick's jabbing fingers moved rapidly inside him, spreading apart up inside Wade's body. Rick had removed his mouth from Wade's cock, but Wade continued to suck easily, slobbering around on Rick's dick, making it throb and swell up to gigantic proportions inside his mouth.

"Oh, Rick," he moaned, strangling. "It's so good, so good... do to me whatever you want... anything, so long as I can feel your cock. I worship your fucking cock, you big dumb stud, you know that, don't you?"

"Shut up, bitch," Rick barked, always irritated to be reminded that he wasn't very bright -- and Wade loved his anger, loved his glowering, handsome, uncomplicated face when it became violent. "Spread those legs,"

Rick grunted at Wade. "Spread those legs wide and let me in that asshole.

Better get ready for it, baby, because I'm gonna fuck you until you scream."

"Do it to me, Rick! Fuck me!" Wade begged, needing to feel the man overpower him, needing it so strongly that he could not resist any of Rick's cruel whims.

"How'd you like to get fist-fucked, you cocksucker?" Rick asked. He was kneeling between Wade's outstretched legs now, his unkempt black hair cascading down over his wide, sun-tanned forehead. The broad, dark shoulders towered threateningly over the boy; his wide, sensual mouth was turned down sardonically. "Well," he drawled slowly. "How about it? How would you like to feel my whole fucking fist up that big asshole of yours?"

"Oh, do it, baby, do it," Wade said, before he had a chance to take another breath.

And then he waited. It seemed like an eternity had passed since he'd uttered the words giving Rick permission to fist-fuck him. Instinctively, he began to feel his legs wanting to close, wanting to protect himself from the slaughter. But another part of him wanted it with agonizing lust and intensity.

He brought the little metal inhaler to his nose again. Placing it in one nostril, holding the other firmly closed, he breathed as deeply as he could. And then he placed the popper in the other nostril and repeated the action. His head began to swim, his body tingled madly, he was ready and willing for anything.

"That's it," he heard Rick's deep voice. "That's it, bitch... just like I knew you'd do... spread those legs wide and let me show you what it's like to be in bed with a real man. I'm gonna tear you up, baby..."

All the time Rick was speaking his fingers were manipulating the boy's tender asshole, constantly massaging and opening and stroking.

"That's it, cocksucker our fingers, now the fifth. Take that hand up your asshole!"

Wade began to feel the strain, began to feel the pressure of the fingers moving into his body. Slowly, steadily, never the pace, Rick altering pressed forward... the hand moved irrevocably up the deep, long tunnel of Wade's shit-chute.

"Oh, fuck me, baby!" Wade cried. "Fuck me, Rick... fuck me good and hard, fuck me, you big stupid fucker! Shove that fist up my hole!"

"It's going, bitch," Rick mumbled, his breath coming ominously hard. He was angry and worked up now. "It's going right up that big juicy ass of yours... right up there where you've let every two-balled stud you can find shove their big hairy pricks..."

The ugliness of the man's voice excited Wade all the more. He began to wiggle and squirm, not caring about the pain, not caring about anything except pleasing Rick. "More, Rick, more," he moaned.

"Goddamn you, bitch," Rick hissed. "It'd take a fucking telephone pole to satisfy you." He thrust forward with his hand then. "Take it, baby," he moaned deep in his throat. "Take it, bitch, take it," he repeated, pushing in, fast, sharp, hard.

Wade's moans filled the room, echoed inside his own dizzy head.

"Enjoying it, bitch?" Rick chuckled.

"It's so... so big," Wade moaned. "My ass feels full, baby, real full. It hurts..."

"You love it, you little faggot," Rick laughed mercilessly. "Here, take this." He broke another capsule between his fingers and put it up to Wade's nose. "This should take care of it," he said.

Wade inhaled deeply and felt his head floating blissfully towards the ceiling once again. And his body felt open, vulnerable to anything the stud who was straddling him wanted to do. Anything the big hairy bastard wanted to shove inside his ass was all right with Wade now.

"Shit, your ass is big," Rick was mocking him. "Biggest fuckin' asshole I've ever stuck my hand up in my life. It's like a big pussy... know that? Like a cunt that's been fucked to hell by too many big dicks..."

Rick was mumbling more to himself than to Wade, getting off on fist-fucking the kid rather than talking to him. But Wade did not care -- he was in a lost world.

Wade took another whiff of the popper and then -- recklessly, considering his present condition -- gave it back to Rick.

His eyes had adjusted to the total darkness; he could see Rick clearly as he raised the popper to his nose, held it to his nostril. Wade could see the animal lust in Rick's face.

And then he felt that ultimate surge of power from Rick's strong arm, felt the fist push into his asshole; Wade opened to accept him.

"That's it, cocksucker!" Rick announced. "I've got it in there now... all the way."

Wade felt that his ass was about to burst open from the intrusion, but then Rick pushed again and Wade felt the wrist in his asshole, and he gripped at

it tightly with his ass muscles.

"Now I'm going to massage that pussy from the inside," Rick said. "I'm gonna work that asshole until you scream and beg me to stop." And he moved his fingers inside Wade's body, massaging the sensitive walls of the canal. His fingers found the boy's prostate gland and he tortured him by rubbing it, stroking it, making Wade's body shake all over with the intensity of orgasm. Wade had never known such joy and such pain in his life.

Rick pulled the popper from his nose and held it to Wade's nostrils again. He inhaled greedily, anxiously.

Rick's hands began to move slowly, pushing in and out of Wade's asshole.

Wade wrapped his legs around the man's broad, muscle-laden torso and began to beat his meat furiously as Rick fist-fucked him.

"That's it, baby," Rick said. "Shoot it... shoot that come all over yourself." His own cock was throbbing and stiff; Wade reached down and grabbed hold of it. Taking the bottle of lotion and pouring some onto his hands, Wade began to work Rick's thick, sausage like prick up and down, massaging it and jerking him off while the man worked his asshole over.

Leaning over the boy, Rick pushed harder, and Wade thought he would faint. The pain was unbearable this time, unreal, and it frightened him.

"Rick," he moaned, "please..."

"You can take more of it. You can take it up to the elbow if you have to."

"No, please," Wade whimpered, his legs moving in to close together.

"Please... don't do it anymore."

But Rick was like a madman by now -- mad with power.

CHAPTER TWO

He had the young man totally helpless and vulnerable beneath his strong grip; he was uncannily turned on by it. His fist moved steadily inward until Wade thought he would scream, until he thought that hand, that fist, would smash into his guts.

"Go ahead, bitch," Rick growled. "Scream... do what you want, but just remember I'm gonna fuck you until I'm ready to stop. I'm gonna fuck you just like you've always wanted to get it!"

Wade fell back in a perverse combination of pleasure, fear, pain. His legs had closed until his knees were placed together, but it did no good.

Rick's hand was up inside his body and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

"Spread those legs, bitch! Let me see that asshole... let me see it spread wide... wider than it's ever been spread before!"

"Please, Rick, I can't!" Wade implored. "No more, Rick... you're killing me!"

Wade felt the big hands moving between his legs, spreading them apart once more. "I said do it, bitch. Spread those legs, I want to see what I'm fucking. I wanna see my hand up there in that big asshole. I wanna see it move inside you and I wanna see those little red lips grabbing my arm. Spread 'em, cocksucker, spread 'em, or I'll spread 'em for you!"

Wade recognized a new tone to Rick's voice. Never had he been so harsh, so implacable in bed. It seemed that at last Rick felt in a position to exploit his own power, to use Wade as his guinea pig. Wade had given him the opportunity; now he was the victim of it.

Wade wanted it -- and yet he didn't. He couldn't stand the physical pain any longer; yet the emotional need to be possessed and used and overpowered came screaming out through his body.

Wade lay back and surrendered to the brutal animal on top of him. "All right, you bastard," he moaned. "Have it your way. Fuck me... go ahead, fuck my asshole off, fuck me, you hairy animal... fuck the shit out of me!"

The fist slammed furiously in and out. Rick groaned and heaved and made deep, gurgling sounds deep in his throat. Beads of sweat were thrown from the man's hairy chest down onto Wade's mottled face and the fist, like some terrible living instrument of torture, pounded his asshole in a steady, monstrous rhythm.

Finally it stopped. "Okay, baby," Rick sighed. "You've had enough." He took the popper and placed it in Wade's nose. "Take it," he ordered.

"You'll need it."

Wade inhaled deeply again and again as he felt Rick pulling back, pulling ever-so slightly out of him.

Then he heard the sound of another popper and wondered what had happened, wondered if perhaps Rick had changed his mind and wanted to give him some more fist.

Rick took a strong whiff and then held it to Wade's free nostril. Wade soared heavenward. He felt full inside again, felt the fingers moving slowly, moving fractions of an inch at a time out toward freedom from their confinement.

It seemed to take hours. His asshole felt as if it were being stretched beyond the point of endurance, beyond what could possibly be real, and he could feel his sphincter muscle fighting, pushing as the hand tried to pull free.

Rick's hand was fighting steadily, carefully against the boy's straining asshole.

Wade tried desperately to relax, tried to allow the man to complete the maneuver, but nothing he could do would allow him total relaxation.

Inch by inch, Rick moved out of his asshole. Each second was a threat, a terror. He never knew from moment to moment whether the next movement would be the one to make him scream out in excruciating pain as the huge fist passed through the straining sphincter muscle.

"Relax, baby," Rick said. "Just relax and let me take care of it." With his free hand he began to massage the outside of Wade's asshole, rubbing in a circular, slow motion.

And then it was over. Wade suddenly felt empty, abandoned, ravished.

His body writhed with relief upon the bed, but before he knew what was happening, he felt Rick's thick muscular legs between his own, opening them, pushing them apart. He felt the rock-hard column that was Rick's cock probing between his asscheeks, trying to find that opening which would now be large enough to swallow his dick -- or any dick -- easily into his body.

Although Wade felt sore all over, he was still excited and he moved in such a way as to capture the tip of Rick's bulbous cockhead and allow it easy access.

"That's right, baby," Rick chuckled as he mounted the smaller boy.

"That's it, bitch. Now you're gonna take my cock... take it all the way to the bottom, right to the balls. If you don't cooperate you may end up taking the balls too... Ever wondered how it would feel to have a big pair of hairy balls crammed up your asshole right along with a dick?"

Wade writhed his body into the body above him, locking his legs around the huge back, digging into the thick biceps with one hand and plucking at the coarse, curly black hairs of Rick's chest with his other hand.

Rick was leaning over him in a push-up position, smiling knowingly and mockingly into his face.

"Now then," Rick grinned. "Let me fuck that big asshole."

In one lithe, swift motion, Rick imbedded his huge, engorged cock all the way to its root. Moaning deeply, he let his tremendous weight collapse upon the young man below.

"Spread those legs, bitch," he grunted. "Get 'em up in the air...

higher... stick 'em up to the ceiling... Get that big asshole up where I can fuck it!"

"Oh, baby, give it to me," Wade heard himself murmuring despite everything. "Come on, stud, fuck the shit out of me."

In an instant, it seemed to Wade that the pain was gone. He heard Rick crack another popper and he knew that soon the two of them would be in ecstasy, knew that they would reach higher levels of pleasure before the night was over.

Still there was a nagging, uncomfortable feeling. He knew that he was debasing himself, humiliating himself for Rick, more so tonight than he had ever done before. And he was loving it like never before too. He didn't want to think about it. He didn't have room to feel anything except that thick, blunt, obstinate cock pile driving its way in and out of his wide-stretched asshole. After the fist, a mere cock was not even painful. It just felt good and warm and manly inside him, banging against his prostate gland, pounding triumphantly in and out, in and out.

Time seemed to go on forever. There was nothing in the whole world except the rocking, steady motion of Rick's flat, hard, taut, hair covered hips being met by Wade's.

"That's a good bitch," Rick said hotly against his neck. "Keep those legs spread good and wide so I can fuck that asshole raw!"

The dick moved with a furious speed, pistonning in and out, the man's balls slapping loudly against the cheeks of Wade's ass with each inward thrust. The swollen asslips yielded easily for the big thick dick and Wade reveled in the sensation of being full of Rick, being full of his hardness and his fury and his lust.

"I love you," Wade groaned.

"I know what you love," Rick returned. "You love what you've got up your ass, that's what you love. Oh, take that dick, you big cocksucking asshole! Take that... and that... and that!" He accentuated his words with violent thrusts which rocked the boy all over the mattress and made him cling frantically to the man's big chest as it bounced up and down on him.

"It's true," Wade moaned. "I love your dick... I love the way it fits my asshole." He spread his legs even wider. "Dick me, Rick," he grunted.

"Dick me good and hard just like I deserve. Fuck me like a bitch. That's all I want, to be... your bitch... the bitch who takes your cock every night... you could fuck me until I bleed and I'd still get down on my knees and kiss your balls... do anything you say... just fuck me, Rick, please keep on fucking me!"

"Take dick, you cocksucker," Rick grunted, pounding furiously.

"Fuck me, Rick. Fuck me till I scream," Wade pleaded. He had forgotten everything now, everything except that he was beneath a man, a big man, groveling in that man's warmth and strength and power.

"Listen to that asshole, bitch," Rick snorted contemptuously. "Listen to it get fucked." Wade's asshole had begun to lubricate itself from the first moment a cock had entered it; now each time Rick thrust his dick into the tunnel it made a loud sloshing sound.

In and out the cock went, faster and faster, until Wade felt like an automatic piston was in constant motion inside his asshole.

"Take that cock." Rick said. "Take it right up that big shitty asshole!"

"Give it to me," was all Wade could moan. Just their tongues met, tangled, fought, pushed; Rick sank his teeth into the boy's lower lip until he drew blood. Wade moaned and shoved his tongue deep into Rick's throat, searching over the tops of his teeth; seeking out Rick's tongue.

They seemed on the verge of totally and literally devouring one another with their mouths.

"How'd you like my dick in your mouth?" Rick shouted at Wade. "How'd you like my cock down your throat right now, bitch, covered with your shit?"

"Anything," Wade sighed. "I'll suck your cock any way and any time you want me to. Anything you tell me to do, Rick, I'll do it." And then he moaned, "Fuck, yes, I'll eat your dick with my ass juice on it. Give it to me, stud. I want your cock shoved down my throat."

The cock came ripping out of the swollen asshole. Rick moved up over his body and then off; firmly, he took Wade's arm and made him get down on his knees at the side of the bed. Rick sat on the edge. He moved up to Wade and began to rub his big hairy prick all over the boy's face, pulling Wade's face into his hot loins and making him lick the huge egg-shaped balls.

Rick's large hands reached out, took Wade's head, ripped the blond hair tightly. He continued to rub his crotch with Wade's face... the cock, the balls all over. Wade breathed deeply, taking in the heavy male odor, loving every minute of it, loving the smell of Rick deep down between the crevice of his balls and buttocks. He nibbled at the thick, coarse hairs that sprouted on the nuts, swirled profusely around the crotch, and even ran in little tufts out onto the turgid trunk of the cock itself.

Rick reached over onto the bed and picked up the popper. He opened the metal container and shoved it into Wade's nostril. Wade took a deep, intoxicating whiff of it; Rick did the same. Wade's body was moving as if in a fantasy.

"Open that mouth now, you bitch," Rick ordered.

As soon as his lips were open, Wade felt the tip of the cock moving in between them, moving straight on in until the warm heaviness was lodged deep in his throat. He opened his mouth wider and began to work on the thick, swollen head of the man's dick. He let his tongue run all over the

head in circular patterns, then ran it underneath, where there were several blood-gorged veins, and then over to the crack in the cockhead.

He was in heaven. He began to suck madly, furiously, saliva running down the sides of his mouth. The cock was pressed in a little deeper and Wade had to open his mouth so wide that his jaws ached.

Rick picked up the rhythm of Wade's mouth and began shoving his prick further into the young man's mouth. Every time he moved, he thrust his meat a little further inside. Wade reached out and took hold of the man's muscle-bulging thighs, feeling them flex each time he dipped forward and plunged his mouth down onto the throbbing, pulsating cock. It seemed to go deeper and deeper until at last Wade felt the cock at the start of his throat. He gagged, choked, but he did not give up. He wanted too much to keep it there, to suck that cock totally into his throat, into his body; he wanted it in his mouth as completely as he had wanted the big dick in his ass.

Rick kept moving deeper and deeper, pulling out just enough to let Wade take a breath of air, and then pushing his prick back into him beyond the limitation of his mouth, deep into the throat.

"Take this, baby," Rick said, handing Wade another popper. "Take this and eat me good, bitch. I want my whole fuckin' cock down your throat, every inch of it."

Wade pressed in tightly with his lips, creating pressure, running his tongue around and around the sides of the cock even while he sucked it.

"Eat it, cocksucker," Rick demanded. "Eat dick!"

He was sucking Rick's cock so deeply that he couldn't breathe, and he was loving it. When he was allowed to take a breath of air the popper filled his head until he was spinning, until the only thing he could concentrate on was taking every inch of Rick's cock. He wanted to take the man's cock all the way down his throat, to feel the man's pubic hair scratching against his face; he wanted to be able to open his mouth wide enough to take the thick, heavy balls, which hung down in their sac and swayed gently against his chin.

"Oh, baby, suck my cock, suck my dick good," Rick demanded, tightening his grip on Wade's head and increasing the speed and the power of his movements until each stroke made the boy gag. A slippery, slimy fluid had lubricated Rick's cock so that it flowed smoothly into Wade's mouth.

Rick moved forward, trapping Wade's head. The young man's blond hair, and his smooth, boyish body were trapped between the bed and Rick's dark, hairy legs.

"Eat me!" Rick grunted. "Eat that fucking cock!" He grabbed the blond hair with one hand and forced Wade's head back until it was lying on the mattress. Then Rick spread his legs wide and positioned himself over Wade so that he was fucking him in the mouth.

"Fuck me long and deep," Wade moaned, still choking and gagging on the big dick. His difficulty in taking the cock all the way seemed to excite Rick all the more, seemed to turn him on to the point that he was like an animal fucking the boy's mouth over and over and over; Wade could feel nothing but the power of Rick's cock.

"Eat me, cocksucker," Rick growled down as he mouth-fucked the boy. "Come on, take more of it, take that hot dick. You know how... you're the cocksucking expert, remember? Suck it in there, baby!"

Wade felt the man's body tense, felt every muscle in the large frame strain and grow ready. He knew that at any minute now Rick was going to release the gushing evidence of his virility. He was going to let loose with that which he had been building up to for so long, he was going to give the cocksucker his pride and manhood -- he was going to shoot a load of come into Wade Matthews' mouth.

"Come on, bitch, come on," he groaned. "Suck it, suck it good. Suck it like you've always wanted to suck cock!"

Wade's head was swirling. With Rick's words and the popper and the cock in his mouth, he was in ecstasy. It was a terrible, frightening, dreamlike ecstasy: it was an ecstasy that he hoped would never end.

Rick began to work his hips back and forth, undulating with a fierce rhythm, shoving his big fat cock all the way down Wade's throat, leaning the full weight of his body on Wade's face as he did so. He pounded his dick just as he had when it had been in Wade's asshole, pumping fast and furious.

"Get ready for it, baby," he said, out of breath. "Get ready for my big load!"

He was all the way on top of Wade's face now, burying the blond head, crushing it beneath the massive weight of his dark thighs and hairy groin. Wade, unable to breathe, pushed against the big legs each time Rick pulled back, trying to get air into his lungs, trying to take the cock all the way into his throat with each stroke.

Wade could only moan and caress Rick as he felt the cock stiffen and throb like a battering ram in his mouth. His jaws ached from being locked in the open position for so long, but, just as before, the combination was one of pain intermingled with almost unbearable pleasure.

Rick was murmuring on top of him now. His words were almost inaudible as Wade sucked harder on his dick, as he took the entire column into his mouth and gently nibbled at its hairy root. He could feel the crinkled, enormous balls pressed deep into his chin, could feel Rick driving with all his power and fury, making him submit to his way, making him submit to whatever sexual abuse he might care to toss in Wade's direction.

"Oh, thataway, baby," Rick was murmuring. "Baby, you are one hell of a cocksucking sonofabitch, take my word for it. Nobody's ever eaten my dick like you do... you're one super cocksucker, baby."

Rick began to pound harder, driving his dick further and further into the wide-open mouth, making Wade want to scream with the rasping, scratching feeling the cock was causing in his throat. Wade knew that he wouldn't even be able to talk by the time Rick was finished with him, and yet he knew at the same time that he had to let him do it. He had to let Rick have his way. He had to feel that Rick had anything and everything he could possibly want with him, had to give in and submit to him, no matter how painful and degrading it might be. He couldn't allow himself to even think

about it, to wonder why he was doing this. He simply knew that he had no choice. He had to keep Rick. He loved the big crude man, perverse though it often seemed. It was something that he had accepted, something that he wanted, and lying back now with the cock plunging down his throat, it all seemed somehow worth it.

He never did really kid himself about Rick. He had known from the beginning; he understood what he was doing and did it with his eyes wide open, accepting his own feelings of self-worthlessness, knowing that he needed a man like Rick to prove that worthlessness to him and knew at the same time Rick was not the kind of man to be pinned down easily.

CHAPTER THREE

It was a slow night at the club -- which wasn't unusual -- and the minutes dragged into hours. Wade played the piano slowly and listlessly and stared over the mahogany toward the bar, the same bar with the same crowd night after night, and wished only that midnight would hurry up and arrive so that he could go home to Rick.

There was a fair-sized crowd -- but still it was the same crowd -- and Wade watched the men doing their old routines up at the bar or in the lounge. He was growing tired of his job, and sometimes he wondered why he even bothered with it. He really didn't need the money. He supposed he just needed something to do with himself, some kind of work.

One of the advantages of working in a gay bar was being able to observe the customers. They were so excessive, so extremely ridiculous or extremely funny or extremely sad.

Wade glanced inadvertently over to his left and saw an old friend walk into the lounge. At first, out of instinct, he was glad to see the fellow, a good-looking young man named Greg. But when Greg began crossing towards the piano, Wade suddenly felt unnerved by the prospect of a conversation. Rick was on his mind tonight, and he wasn't in the mood for gossip and talk of old love affairs. Too, none of Wade's friends really liked Rick. Most of them didn't consider Rick worthy of being his lover, and some of Wade's friends even found Rick crude and obnoxious and told him so to his face. Greg was one of those who told him so -- frequently.

Wade grew momentarily defensive as Greg approached. But the man had a wide smile on his face, a smile with warmth and genuine sincerity in it, and Wade let himself smile back.

"How are you?" Greg asked, coming to stand beside the piano.

Wade brought the song he was playing to an end, then nodded. "I'm fine.

"And you?" He reached for his drink. "What have you been doing with yourself?"

Greg shrugged, "Not much. You look bored, Wade."

"Yes, I am bored."

"You should quit this job. God knows you've got plenty of money to live on without working."

"I've got to be doing something, Greg. Can't just sit around. Besides, I like music."

"Hell, you should go to New York... go somewhere that could do you some good. What's a musician doing in Los Angeles to begin with?"

"Guess I haven't had much time to think about that sort of stuff," Wade said. "A career or anything like that."

"Has Rick been keeping you all that busy?"

"Don't start in on Rick, Greg."

"Ah," Greg shook his head with mock despair. "They call it love. Or do they call it masochism? Well, if you really enjoy the suffering and feel that you deserve it, buddy, then I suppose I shouldn't find fault."

"Cut it out, Greg. All right, so Rick is a little bit selfish and demanding."

"And suppose he doesn't have a job and he cheats with other guys..." Greg quickly added.

Annoyed, Wade went back to playing. "It's my own business, Greg," he said. "I like making him happy, so what's wrong with that?"

"I just like you too much to see you get treated like shit by that bastard," Greg said. "You'd think he at least wouldn't cheat on you. Not the way you treat him. Hell, anytime he's the least bit horny, he snaps his fingers and you dive into his crotch or drop your pants to relieve him. And he even comes in

the bars and talks about his tricks. Really, Wade, I wish you'd start facing some facts about Rick."

"I love him, Greg. And he doesn't cheat all that much. Now I'd rather drop the subject."

"Okay. What are you doing after work? A bunch of us were thinking about getting together at my place tonight."

"Thanks, Greg, but I'll probably be busy. You see, tonight is Rick's birthday and I was going to take off early and..."

"Yeah, yeah, I get the picture. Take him out to a nice midnight dinner, wine and dine him, then hop in the hay."

"Greg, I..."

"Look, kid, I understand, believe me, I do. We'll make it some other time, right?"

"Right, Greg."

"See you around."

"See you, Greg."

As he watched his friend walk off, Wade felt even more irritated. He knew that he should have told Greg to go to hell, but deep inside he knew that what Greg and his other friends said about Rick was not so far from the truth.

But he was hooked on the guy, that was what none of them could seem to understand. They could not see the uncontrollable need he had for Rick, they could not see how deep that hook was in him. They could not understand how one seductive look from Rick, even an occasional warm, off-hand remark, could stir his blood to the boiling point and obliterate all the pain Rick caused him other times. Even when he knew that he was being used by Rick, just the fact that he was there and living with him was all the promise and reward that Wade needed.

It scared him, though, particularly when other people intimated him, as Greg had done tonight. It scared him that the pain of Rick's hook had become not only tolerable, but normal, expected. It scared him that he could no longer even picture their relationship on any different level, that he no longer even anticipated a change in Rick or himself.

As always, he put the negative thoughts from his mind. He would think about it all later, much later. It was Rick's birthday and he had planned a special evening for the both of them. They would be together tonight, he would make Rick smile, would make Rick happy tonight.

He couldn't get the conversation with Greg out of his mind, couldn't forget about it all night. But as the hours passed and the time grew closer to the moment when he would be with Rick, Wade decided not to let it bother him, thought only of Rick, and forced his mood to shift back into a pleasant frame of mind.

The bar was quieter than usual, so he left even earlier than he had planned. As he walked out into the warm spring air and over to the parking lot to his little sports-car, Wade felt the familiar stirring in his groin, felt his cock hardening in his pants at the simple knowledge that the minutes were moving faster and faster toward that moment when he would be with Rick in bed. As he drove down the streets and out on the freeway, he felt his prick with one hand, outlining its hard impression in his trousers, and recalled fondly a night when he had jerked Rick off as he drove down the expressway late one night, the tension and furtive, reckless excitement of the experience. He was getting hornier, and hornier.

Wade was surprised to see that all the lights in the house were out except one in the bathroom upstairs. It seemed a little early for Rick to have gone to bed, even taking into consideration the fact that he probably didn't remember that it was his own birthday.

Silently, Wade crossed the lawn until he was in front of the door. He slipped his key in quietly and, opened the lock and went inside.

He had just started up the dark stairs when he heard it. It was like a knife in the dark. There were voices coming from the upstairs bedroom.

"No, Rick. No, please... it hurts!"

"Go ahead, you little faggot, spread those legs. Shit, baby, this ain't the first time... you know you love to get fucked by me." It was Rick's voice.

Wade ran up the stairs, ran frantically, totally beside himself with feelings of rage and jealousy he didn't think he was capable of harboring. He knew what he would see and he knew that it was going to hurt him, but he had to see for himself.

There was a boy he had never seen before on the bed, a very young, very little boy, surely not over eighteen years old. He was very pretty, long, shoulder-length brown hair, a face like a fashion model. He was on his haunches, leaning up on his elbows with his back turned to Rick and his head turned down to the bed. Rick was on his knees behind the kid, fucking him dog-style. He was right in the middle of a thrust when Wade walked into the room and turned on the light -- his big cock was half buried in the boy's widespread ass.

Rick seemed a little annoyed that Wade had interrupted his ass-fuck. He scowled a little and said, "What the hell are you doing home so early?"

Wade could not speak, he only stared down at the floor.

"Well," Rick chuckled, "at least you got here in time for some entertainment. I want you to meet someone." He slapped the kid on his ass and said, "Hey, Billy, look up for a minute." Billy raised his face, a bit sheepishly, and held Wade's eyes. "Billy," Rick said, "this is the guy that gets my dick every night. Wade, this here is Billy. Real little whore, regular bitch in heat. Just seventeen and fucks like a pussy already. I've been fucking him off and on for about a month or two now..."

he picked me up on a street one night, believe it or not. Yeah, this little kid picked me up. Really something, isn't he? Took me into an alley and sucked me off behind a garbage can... right downtown. Ain't that right, bitch?" he laughed, slapping the kid's ass harder this time.

"That's right, sir," the kid said in a thin, strained voice.

"Hell," Rick said, "if I'd known you were going to be coming in early, Wade, I'd have fucked him already and gotten his Nellie-ass out of here.

But as it is well, you might as well get in on it too. Come on over here and play with my balls while I fuck this bitch."

Wade stood against the wall, glowering furiously.

"Ah, shit," Rick grimaced. "Don't tell me you're mad?"

Wade said nothing, only stared.

"All right," Rick said, "have it your way. Give me one minute and we'll talk it over." And with that he returned his undivided attention to the ass that was raised up so high for his convenience. He patted the ass a couple of times and then, as if oblivious to Wade's presence, with single-minded absorption, he began to complete what he had started with Billy.

He drew back his flat, taut hips and then lunged forward with all his might, rocking the squatting figure all over the bed. Billy moaned and whimpered a little bit. In a hurry now, anxious to get his rocks off and see what Wade had to say, Rick barked gruffly at the teenage boy, "Don't move you bitch," and then proceeded to assault the tender young asshole like a battering bull, slamming his big cock into the asshole as far as it would go, right down to his huge, hairy balls, and then withdrawing to the very tip of the cockhead before whamming it home again. It only took him about five thrusts; he groaned and began to come. Bored with the teenage trick even before he had finished coming, Rick ripped his prick out of the butt, jerked it out ruthlessly and without concern for the discomfort it caused young Billy. Globs of his sticky white come spurted in jets down the backs of the kid's thighs as the head of the cock came tearing out of the puckered lips.

Rick grabbed a towel and began wiping his cock off. "Get out of here," he said to Billy, who rose, embarrassed and a little frightened, and hurriedly began to dress, even though Rick's hot sperm was still dripping from his asshole and running down his practically hairless legs.

The moment the kid had gone, Wade stared murderously at Rick and said,

"You bastard."

Rick rolled his eyes, genuinely perplexed and angry that Wade could find fault in his behavior. "What the fuck," he shrugged. "That kid means nothing to me... just a nice tight asshole is all. Nothing to get upset about, Wade."

Wade went towards the man. He drew back his arm and, without thinking, slapped Rick violently across the face. The slap was more of a shock than anything else; Rick turned livid with fury, raised his naked arm, and backhanded Wade swiftly and calculatedly across the chin, knocking him backward, causing him to reel sideways and crash into the wall. He felt the blood trickling down his chin, tasted it from the gash in his upper lip. It did not even hurt, though; somehow, it was all just very humiliating.

"Don't you ever hit me again, you fuckin' cocksucker," Rick said to him in an oddly calm, dark voice.

Wade looked at his feet, almost crying. He was ashamed and miserable, this was not what he had wanted at all. He reproached himself for having gotten so upset. After all, he knew, just as everyone did, that Rick was not faithful to him, had never made any promise to be. It was just that Greg had disturbed him so by what he had said in the bar and the fact that this was the first time he had actually caught Rick bringing another boy to the apartment that he, Wade Matthews, paid the rent on. And, too, it was supposed to have been such a good night... all his plans.

"I'm sorry, Rick," Wade heard himself apologizing, knowing that he was a fool to do so, but only wanting the ugliness to be over with, wanting to be able to pretend that what had just occurred in this room had not happened at all. He went on, making it even worse, making himself an even bigger fool in Rick's eyes. "I know it was all my fault," he said.

"Please don't be angry with me, Rick, not tonight... I..." His voice trailed off dismally.

"Cocksucker," Rick said quietly, in the same dark, ominous voice, "I think it's about time you and I got down to the nitty-gritty about a few things. I'm

gonna take you somewhere tonight. To a little party I happen to know about across town. It's about time you learned a few things about me, baby, and learned to accept me for what I am... I'll guarantee you one thing, too. It's not one of them namby-pamby, Nellie-ass camp parties that your kind of friends throw, either. You interested?"

Wade felt a chill rush through his limbs; he felt a little sick and weak at the knees. He had to go. He knew he had to go. It was for Rick, Rick demanded it. The plans he had made for the birthday celebration would have to wait, perhaps tomorrow night.

"Do you really want me to go, Rick?" he asked softly.

"I invited you, didn't I."

"All right, then, Rick. Whatever you say."

"Okay, baby," he said, reaching over and grabbing Wade behind the neck to pull him close. Wade noticed that his grip was tighter and more forceful than before, somehow even more insistent. Wade felt a thrill of anticipation run down his spine.

They pulled up in front of the house where the party was to be held. It seemed a very average place, a large house on a good piece of property about fifty yards back from the highway.

"This is it?" Wade asked quizzically as they pulled into the driveway.

"Sure. What did you expect?"

"I don't know. I just thought for some reason that it would be... I don't know... different."

"It will be different, don't worry about that," Rick told him.

When the doorbell was answered, Wade felt another tingle of excitement go through him. The man who answered the door was very big and muscular, a man with a craggy, bellicose face, deep-set eyes, and an exquisitely developed body shown off in a white T-shirt and a pair of tight, faded

Levi's. Beneath the flimsy T-shirt his chest could be seen. It was covered with thick mats of dark, curly hair. He looked at Wade for a few moments with cold, incisive eyes, shifting his lingering gaze over the full length of the young blond's body, then back up to his face. A vaguely seductive look flickered across the rugged; hard-set face as the man turned to look at Rick and nod his approval. Rick introduced the man as Clint, and they all moved inside.

The house was very warm inside from the presence of so many bodies.

CHAPTER FOUR

Wade could see beyond the entrance hall into the living room where all the people were sitting around in chairs or standing in small groups talking. It looked like a very ordinary and sophisticated party; Wade wondered if perhaps Rick had been playing a joke of some kind on him.

But as he got closer, Wade noticed that all of the men -- or almost all of the men in the worn -- were extremely masculine and handsome. Through the crowd, his eyes fell on one peculiar sight: amongst all the masculinity, there was a man wearing only a pair of black lace panties and a pair of high-heeled shoes. His chest was covered with a T-shirt and he was languidly serving cocktails on a tray.

Clint, the man who had met them at the door, came up behind them and ushered them on into the living room.

After a few initial introductions, Rick and Wade sat on a sofa and started up conversations with two other men. The man in the strange costume brought them drinks, and kept them coming. Wade couldn't tell how much time had passed, but when he looked around the room again, it had taken on a subtly different atmosphere, a different appearance. After a second and harder look, he began to see a difference in the men's dress.

Some men had already taken off their shirts while others had just taken off ties or coats. There was a tense undercurrent in the room, and the conversations had grown quieter.

After a few more drinks, he really began to notice the change. There was a man leaning against the fireplace, wearing only a pair of tight Levi's.

He had taken off his belt and placed it over his shoulders so that either end of the brown-leather strap fell down over his broad chest. He was beautifully developed, the muscles hard, the crevice separating his torso deep and wide; it was difficult for Wade to keep his eyes off the man. He

was standing up by this time and he noticed that a man was sitting behind him, openly scrutinizing his ass.

Something was coming, Wade knew, it was in the air. He could feel the tension mounting to a point where it would have to explode, would have to be let out.

He looked around. Rick was gone from the sofa. He was nowhere in sight and Wade had no idea where he could have gone. Abruptly, Wade found himself feeling very vulnerable, before all these men; so now he felt naked and exposed, although he was still completely dressed.

A tall, husky young man walked up to the stud who was leaning on the fireplace. He took the bare-chested man's arm and began leading him from the room; Wade could not help but note the tight grip of the stranger. To the others in the room, it was as if something very obvious and revealing had just occurred. Wade was baffled -- but oddly excited.

He took another drink from the tray as the waiter-waitress brought it around. He felt himself getting a little high. And then he smelt grass in the room. He looked over his shoulder and saw that the owner of the house, the big burly man named Clint, was lighting several joints and passing them out to extended hands. Within a matter of minutes, the entire house reeked of the sweet, thick substance. Wade's head, after only a few tokes, was reeling crazily, and it was obvious that his was not the only head present that was reeling.

Everything seemed to be changing. The lights seemed dimmer. The music grew louder, stronger: acid rock burst from the speakers, and it seemed to be coming from every corner in the room.

There was an endless supply of grass, an endless supply of booze. The music kept coming -- from where it was coming Wade no longer knew.

Then he noticed that there were fewer people in the room. He thought for a moment that he was only imagining it; his vision was impaired, to say the least.

Through the sounds of the rock music, he could hear a loud slapping sound. His skin tingled all over, tingled with an eerie combination of excitement and revulsion. He was hearing the sound of leather striking bare skin. It was rhythmic, almost in perfect time with the beat of the record that was playing. With each progression of the drum music, the striking, ringing, slapping sound grew louder... stronger... undoubtedly, grew more painful.

There was suddenly, he noticed, no sound of voices talking anywhere in the house. The only sounds whatever were those coming from the loud stereo and the slashing sound of leather. Everyone seemed to be hypnotized by one or the other, or by both. It was as if one sound were interdependent upon the other. As the music grew to a more frantic and piercing level, so did the beating in the next room, or upstairs, or wherever it was coming from.

And then a new sound came through. At first, it was like a soft whimpering. But as the sensual beat of the music continued to grow more piercing, so did the cry of the recipient of the leather belt. The cry went higher and higher until it had set off the needs of the people in the room, and the party had really begun.

He noticed that across the room there were two good-looking men standing against the wall. At first it was difficult to make out what they were doing, because the lighting in the room had grown so dim. But as Wade's eyes focused through the dark, he recognized that one of them was being fucked by the other, and he felt quietly desperate shivers go through his body.

He looked around for Rick, wondering if he dare move from the spot in which he had been standing for so long, seemingly for hours.

But he had enough liquor and enough dope in him to make him game for anything. Gazing all around, he walked bravely from the room and into the foyer again. Stopping for a moment, he looked around to see where the action was, where Rick might be, and he found that there was action going on all over.

He went upstairs, checked out the rooms. And in one of those rooms he found Rick. At first he couldn't believe his eyes. It was incredulous,

especially through the dope and the booze. Rick was the man who was beating the boy whose screams he had heard!

Standing in the doorway, Wade watched on in disbelief. There were three other men in the room with Rick, one of them Clint. All were naked and watching Rick, who moved over to the bed where the pretty boy was fled spread eagled to the bed. With his thick, brown-leather belt, Rick began to lash the boy's naked, upturned buttocks again.

Clint looked around at Wade. "Look who just came in, Rick," he grinned.

"Your bitch."

Clint and Rick exchanged knowing, meaningful glances, as if engaged in some kind of conspiracy. Wade kept staring at Clint. The man's burly, muscular hair-covered body excited him and his cock was straining hard against the front of his trousers.

Holding his cock in his hand, still grinning, Clint moved over to the bed. He moved in between the boy and the headboard until his cock was directly over the kid's mouth. And then Rick brought the leather belt cracking down across the boy's ass again. "Go ahead," Rick ordered the boy. "Eat it! Take that man's cock in your mouth, baby! Now!" He accentuated each gasp of breath with a fresh blow from the belt.

The boy's head began to bob quickly up and down on Clint's dick. Clint had a firm hold on the boy's long blond hair; he pulled the head roughly up and down on his long, curving, saber like cock.

Wade could tell by looking at the boy that he was in agony. Thick red welts stood out all over the backs of his thighs and buttocks, and yet there was a resigned, rather contented sound coming from the boy's throat as he sucked hungrily on Clint's prick.

Wade glanced at the other man in the room. Wade had met the fellow earlier downstairs -- his name was Dennis. He was simply standing over in one corner watching the action on the bed. He looked much nicer, Wade realized, beginning to level his eyes upon the onlooker, with his clothes off.

He was a tall young man with slender, supple limbs, well-formed and natural-looking. His hair, which hung around his shoulders, was the color of the sun and his body was a deep-tan color all over. Although his cock was neither as long nor as thick as Rick's, it was still much better than average; it stood straight up from his crotch and pressed against his rigid stomach, the loose balls hanging low on his thighs. Dennis' crotch was covered with a thick growth of curly blond hair which spread up to his stomach and down his thighs, covering his balls and spreading into the crack of his ass.

Dennis caught Wade's eyes on him; he nodded and then moved closer to the bed to watch the action. As he stroked his jutting cock softly with one hand, he said to Rick, "Put your belt away and fuck him, Rick. That's what he wants. I wanna see one cock in his mouth and another one in his asshole. Fuck him, Rick."

Up at the headboard, Clint straddled the boy's face so that he was, facing Rick. "Go ahead, buddy," he said. "Fuck him. I want to watch you fuck the shit out of this little faggot while I pound the meat down his throat."

Wade had taken off his clothes and moved very close to the bed, close enough to observe every movement. His cock was hard and throbbing with the visual stimulation; he thought several times he was going to shoot his load just from watching the two big studs work over the handsome young boy.

Rick was on his knees on the bed, holding the boy's legs up against his massive chest, the feet locked around his neck. Wade climbed upon the bed behind his lover and moved his head in the open triangle created by Rick's wide-apart thighs until his face was right where Rick's balls hung down and where his mammoth cock was seeking its position at the boy's asshole. Wade could see everything, and at very close range. A sudden rustling movement told him that Dennis, too, had moved closer, and then he could hear the blond stud beating his meat very close to the edge of the bed where the four other male bodies were sprawled in their varying positions.

Rick took the time to explore the area before plunging his cock into the gaping hole which all but begged to be fucked. While Wade toyed with his big hairy balls from underneath his thighs, Rick probed the bound boy's ass

with his fingers. Wade could see each finger sliding inside the hole, pushing at the tender folds of warm flesh. The boy's canal seemed to be tight, but it offered no resistance to Rick's big jabbing fingers.

When Rick pulled his fingers out, they were wet from the boy's ass juices. Wade watched on, seeing it upside down, as Rick held the lips of the puckered hole open and placed the wide, mushroom head of his, cock just inside the crack, teasing the anxious boy with his hot cock. The boy squirmed with near-delirious joy and continued sucking Clint's prick as he prepared for the ass-fucking.

Dennis was pounding his cock furiously now, breathing hard. "Fuck him, Rick," he barked. "Ram that big dick of yours right up that asshole. Fuck him with it like you fucked me with it that time... fuck the Goddamn shit out of that asshole. He'll love it."

Wade opened his mouth and swallowed one of Rick's large balls down his throat. The coarse pubic hair scraped against the walls of his mouth; he sucked avidly and watched with wide eyes as Rick's cock, up inside the crack of the ass, began to throb and pulsate with anxiety.

Rick could stand it no longer. He thrust forward with his hips and began to give the boy his cock, inch by delectable inch. The boy moaned and twisted his ass around as the huge tool worked its way up the narrow channel, ripping and tearing and burrowing a path of its own.

When his cock was halfway inside, Rick suddenly stopped. Cruelly, ruthlessly, tantalizingly, he abruptly jerked his dick out to the very tip, leaving the boy gasping for breath.

The bound kid took Clint's meat from his mouth just long enough to implore, "Put it back in. Please, Rick, put it back in. I want to feel that cock back inside me. Please put that big fat peter back up my asshole, Rick!"

Rick teased him awhile by rubbing his cock up and down the crack, gliding it along the sensitive crevice. And when he would allow just the head to slide back in, the boy would moan and beg to be fucked.

Rick relented. He pulled his hips back, aimed his cock at the gaping asshole with his fist, and plunged forward with a just-crazed fury, driving his huge pole straight up inside the hot asshole, causing the boy to lurch forward and scrape Clint's cock against his teeth. He screamed out from the sudden, ripping pain.

"That's it," Clint laughed, grabbing the boy's head and forcing his cock back into the anguished mouth. "That's the way, Rick, ram it in. Fuck the shit out of this bitch... ram that thing in his ass!"

Wade's cock tingled unbearably as he watched Rick plunging his big dick into the upturned ass. His tongue flicked out and licked Rick's balls all over, catching, very briefly, the very base of his dick when it would jerk outward to prepare for another thrust. Rick was slamming into the asshole now, his balls slapping against the boy's crotch as he held the kid firmly by the waist, pulling him back onto the hot, angry, obstinate prick, not letting him escape even one mighty thrust. The boy seemed to grow accustomed to the stretched, gorged feeling; he began to wiggle and rotate his buttocks against Rick's rippling stomach muscles.

Wade lay down flat on his back so that his head was positioned just beneath the asshole to watch Rick thrust in and out. He reached up and grasped Rick's cock when he pulled it out and held tightly to it when Rick pumped it back in again, letting it slide through his fingers as it drove into the hot, moist, gyrating ass channel. Once he slipped his fingers inside the boy's ass, forcing the lips to stretch open even wider; inside the hole, he could feel Rick's cock as it pushed upward and the walls of the boy's ass clinging around the rigid shaft.

Sweat had soaked Rick's body. It ran down his chest, his stomach, through the curly dark hairs of his crotch. It dripped from his balls onto Wade's face. Wade delighted in it. He returned his attention to the big nuts hanging over him. Reaching up with one hand, he began to fondle Rick's balls as they flopped above his face, squeezing them lightly and pulling down on the wrinkled bag. The added pressure and sensation caused Rick's already rigid cock to swell up to even greater proportions, the head growing harder and wider as the fresh blood pumped into it.

Rick had gone wild. He was ramming his big cock in and out of the warm, wet hole as fast as he possibly could. The boy's ass worked with him, meeting his thrusts and sucking the long hard meat up into the slippery channel as surely as he sucked Clint's prick down his choking throat.

"Fuck that asshole," Dennis was shouting. "Shoot, Rick. You, too, Clint.

Shoot him full of your hot come... I wanna see it running out his asshole and dribbling down his fucking chin! Shoot it, men. Shoot that come!"

The boy moaned and gasped for breath as he continued sucking on Clint's long prick. His body was quivering as one huge cock pushed his jaws apart and another slaughtered his sensitive asshole, gorging him to the absolute limit.

Rick kept crashing into him, slamming his hips forward until his cock hair brushed the lips of the asshole. He held the boy in place, hard and steady, as his orgasm began to flood his entire body. His hard thighs quivered a little against Wade's face as his torso shuddered. "Oh, fuck,"

he groaned. "I'm coming... I'm... gonna come... oh, fuck, here comes my load you little cocksuckin' asshole... get ready for it, baby!"

Thick bolts of hot jism flooded the kid's asshole as Rick poured himself into him, his thick, throbbing cock convulsing inside the hot asshole, the long jets of white cream shooting out of his cock and gushing out the wide-open hole to drip along the boy's thighs.

A moment later and Clint was ready too. He jerked his cock from the boy's mouth and stroked it furiously with his fist for a second, and his hot juices came spurting out in sharp jetting streams, spraying the boy all over the face and chest.

Rick was the first one off the bed. He glanced with a caustic grin at Wade, still lying on his back and fondling his own cock now. Then Rick looked at Dennis, who had stopped beating his meat and was watching Wade.

"That's my bitch," Rick said, nodding at Wade, who blushed and could not help thinking how callous and cruel Rick was to him in public. "You wanna fuck him?"

"Sure," Dennis said.

"Go ahead," Rick chuckled. "But I warn you... it'll be like falling in a well, fucking that bitch there. I've already got him just about all fucked out between my cock and my fist." He then looked at Clint, who was cleaning his cock off on the other side of the bed. "You're welcome to him too, buddy," he paid, and then he shrugged and walked nonchalantly from the room.

The broad, sunny, handsome face was suddenly looming over him. Thick lips curled up in a mocking smile. "All right, kid," Dennis said. "Get your ass over here. I got something I want to put in it."

It didn't matter any more. He knew now for sure what Rick thought of him, knew that Rick had brought him here to abuse and humiliate him, to punish him for his love. It just didn't matter any more. They could have him, all of them, they could do with him as they pleased. Whatever happened, he deserved it -- deserved it for having been such a fool about Rick, for having come here in the first place.

Wade squirmed his body, still on his back, over to the edge of the bed.

He opened his legs wide, resting his ass on the very edge for Dennis' convenience. Dennis stood between his legs; with his strong tan arms, he lifted Wade's legs and held them upward over his chest. Wade's ass was pulled high into the air, stretched open, waiting to be fucked by a strange new cock.

"Is it true that you've had a fist up this ass, you little sissy?" Dennis leered down at him.

"Yes," Wade nodded, "it's true. Rick's fist. Rick has stuck his whole Goddamned arm up me."

"What of it?"

"Then I'd better fuck you good and hard, hadn't I?" Dennis chuckled, his long hair falling into his face as he leaned downward. "If I don't, you might not even know you've got a cock up you... that right?"

"Just fuck me," Wade said. "Fuck me and get it over with. That's all you want from me, all any of you want... just do it, Goddammit... fuck me!"

Dennis wasted no time. He opened the lips of Wade's asshole, preparing the way for his selfish invasion. He held the lips open and rested the tip of his cock just at the entrance. And then, with a tremendous thrust from his pelvis, he sent his big, golden-shrouded prick thundering up Wade's passageway, tearing at the already widely-stretched flesh. The big rod furrowed its way up the channel, pushing at the soft folds of flesh, until Wade felt it all the way inside him, felt Dennis' pubic bones crushing against his ass, felt their crotch hair intertwining.

Dennis was standing over him, holding the widespread ass up to his belly, feet planted firmly on the floor. Wade realized rather suddenly the power and strength the position gave Dennis over him, and he shuddered and gasped as he felt himself filled to the brim with the young man's column of hard cock. He backed up against Dennis, nestling his ass against his lower stomach, his ass muscles working on the hard slab of meat. And then Dennis began his slow rhythm of long, deliberate, well-calculated thrusts, followed by a series of rapid, shorter thrusts.

"How's that, queer?" he asked. "Can you feel yourself getting screwed?"

CHAPTER FIVE

"Yes," Wade moaned. "I can feel it. It feels wonderful, Dennis. Keep fucking me. Fuck my ass, Dennis. Fuck my ass with that hard cock."

Dennis pounded his long, hard prick into the boy then, pounded him swiftly and deeply, thrusting with his strong lean thighs and his sturdy hips, withdrawing until the head would pop out of the asslips and then would force the nice-sized dick back in once again to tear up the overly sensitive channel. Wade looked straight ahead, his eyes directly level with the slamming crotch, as the big peter thrust in and out of his hole.

He reached forward with one hand and, grabbing for Dennis' baseball-sized nuts, unwittingly caused the cock to slip all the way out of him.

Dennis roughly pushed him back onto the bed, grabbed up his legs and pulled them even closer against his broad chest. "Lay back, bitch," he growled. "If I want you to play with my balls, then I'll cram them down your fucking throat when I'm done with your ass. Right now, just lay back and take cock, you hear me?"

Dennis placed his cock back into position. Wade felt the jabbing entrance pain all over again as the cock went tearing back up inside him; he winced with the pain and writhed his head on the mattress. Finally Dennis was buried inside him all the way again and the pain began to abate, the warmth and fullness returned. Wade squeezed in on the cock with his asshole until he caused Dennis to grimace with pain; pleased with himself, he continued the pressure until Dennis began to slam his cock with furious thrusts in and out of him once more. The cock battered his asshole savagely and relentlessly, the strokes lengthening with each thrust.

The pain, however, had completely subsided. Wade knew that Rick really had done a good job opening up his asshole, just as Rick boasted, and he felt twinges of pleasure and shame simultaneously as Dennis pounded his cock in and out of him. It felt great, he was loving it, he was everything Rick said he was.

"Fuck me, baby," he groaned. "Fuck my ass. Ram the dick to me, Dennis!"

His prostate gland was throbbing wildly as the hard cock stroked and rubbed against it, bringing on mounting, multiplying fireworks inside his body. Dennis was screwing him as fast as he could go now, pushing his cock each time all the way to the hilt and then withdrawing to the tip and slamming back inside. And the look on Wade's face clearly indicated that this was how he liked to take cock most. Wade thrashed about on the bed, his arms and shoulders bouncing forward each time Dennis jammed himself into him. He sobbed aloud as he felt his prostate gland soaring him toward orgasm; he began to grind his ass backward to meet the forward advances of the heavy weapon attached to Dennis' beautiful, sun-golden crotch.

"Oh, it feels really great now," he moaned. "Come on, Dennis, ride me hard... let me have every fucking inch of that meat! Give it to me the way Rick does. Fuck the hell out of me!"

"Oh, you dirty cocksucking bitch," Dennis growled deep in his throat.

"I'll fuck you, all right... I'll fuck you till your ass bleeds, you fucking pussy!"

"Oh, shit, man," Wade moaned. "I'm gonna come... you're making me come with that big dick... I can't take much more!" He wiggled his ass back onto the pounding, steel-driving cock. "Fuck that asshole, man. Shove that meat in there!"

"Get ready for the load of your life," Dennis grunted as he jabbed himself deep inside Wade's slimy-hot asshole. "I'm gonna shoot, cocksucker. I'm coming! Now... here it comes!"

"Shoot it, man," Wade whimpered, feeling the hot juices searing up inside him. "Oh, that's it... give me your come." He squeezed in on the throbbing cock with his innermost muscles and milked the cock dry up in his ass.

Dennis stood firmly between his legs, his cock rammed up inside Wade's ass, as the very last of his come flowed into the warm receptacle. His heavy breathing subsided, his limbs relaxed, and it was all over. "Pretty good lay,"

Dennis winked at Clint across the room as he yanked his cock from Wade's steaming bowels.

"I'm gonna find out for myself," Clint chuckled.

"Please," Wade said, exhausted and bruised. "No more right now... just give me time to rest... please, no more."

But there was more -- and there was no time to rest.

Dennis had just pulled himself away when Clint was there to replace him.

He grabbed Wade's legs up and mounted him, guiding his prick with one hand.

They kept giving him poppers, kept giving him grass; Wade kept taking it all, taking it until nothing in the world seemed more realistic than a fantasy.

At first he felt two men kissing his body all over, rubbing it gently...

and then, very gradually, so gradually that it was hard to notice, rubbing him and kissing him harder and harder. Then they began to slowly pat his ass, building it up until both were slapping him hard with the palms of their hands. Even though it felt good.

But then they began to use their belts. And no amount of drugs could obliterate the pain, nothing could make it seem like a dream-fantasy. It was real, this pain, and nothing could stop the pain.

He pleaded with Rick, begged for him to stop, but Rick ignored him. He felt nothing but one stinging slap after another -- leather straps cutting into his flesh, punishing his ass for all the cocks it had taken.

Wade continued to be; it did no good. At last, mercifully, he surrendered to the dizziness and the weariness. He blacked out.

When he came to, he was no longer at the house where he had begun. He was somewhere else -- with different men. Rick had gone oft he was told, with, some cute blond kid and had dropped him off for his friends to enjoy.

And that was when Wade realized he was going to have to drop Rick. With pain and disappointment and humiliation -- and with hatred for himself as well as for Rick -- he made his way back to his own house. Rick was still out; he thought it just as well.

He only knew that he had to run, had to get away from, Rick and from himself, or what Rick had made of him. Practicalities were irrelevant. He packed one suitcase, took all his credit cards and the cash he had on hand, and took a taxi to the airport.

He awoke in the hotel room and looked around, trying to concentrate, trying, through his hangover, to recall the events of the night before.

The only thing he could really remember was that he had left Rick two days ago and, terribly enough, he missed Rick, ached with jealousy to know what he was doing back in Los Angeles, ached to be with him and to hold him.

Gradually, his memory returned. He knew then that he was in a hotel room on Miami Beach. He was lying naked in a strange bed. Someone had been with him, someone had come to this room last night, someone he had met on the beach... What was his name? He couldn't really even remember what the guy had looked like, let alone his name.

They had both been drunk, Wade knew that for certain. They had been drunk and they had collapsed onto the bed... and the man had sucked Wade off rather sensationally before they had both passed out. And something else from very early this morning... ah, yes, the kid had dressed and gone.

Wade remembered watching him, half asleep, and on his way out he had promised to come back later in the afternoon.

Wade wished he could remember what the guy had looked like. But it didn't really matter. He wouldn't come back, guys like that never came back.

Just trying to trace back the last twenty-four hours was difficult and painful. He didn't want to face that yet. Before that, there were twenty-five years to be accounted for. Had everything been building toward this moment in this

strange bed in this tasteless hotel room? It was a question that frightened him.

The first thing Wade did when he got to Miami was to go out for a drink and, accidentally, come across a gay bar, one of the smaller downtown places with an oddly mixed clientele. He sat up at the bar for hours, staring over the bartender's head into the smoked mirror which reflected the hundreds of varicolored bottles and the heads of the people at the tables behind him. He got very drunk and knew that he should stop drinking, but somehow his glass just kept getting empty and the bartender kept refilling it. He felt better being drunk, anyway. He didn't have to think about the details of his situation, he didn't have to remind himself that he had left Rick and that he was in a strange bar in a strange city and that he had no idea what he was going to do about everything. Drunk, it was easy to remember that nothing mattered in the end, or that things would work themselves out, tomorrow or the next day.

And yet the smoke-filled bar and the sad music on the jukebox was beginning to depress him. He swirled around on his bar stool and looked out over the sea of faces. Most of the people were sitting in groups at tables and he had trouble when he tried to focus on individuals. His eyes shifted from one table to the next... and finally they rested on a figure standing against the wall near the doorway. Wade stared, not really aware that he was staring. The man was too beautiful not to be a little absurd.

He was about twenty-five years old, so suntanned that his skin was almost black, a man of medium height in a tight-fitting shirt open halfway down his chest, revealing a mattress of curly black hair, tight corduroy pants which emphasized the bulge of his crotch and the outline of his thick, stocky legs. His pants were jammed down inside gold-buckled leather boots which came almost to his knees, and around his waist there was a very wide, brown-leather belt. There was a gaudy tattoo on the bicep of one enormous arm, and his black hair was thick, curly, and unkempt all around his head. He wore a little gold-circle earring in one ear; now and then when he moved his head, twisting his thick, bullish neck, the golden band could be seen underneath the wild curls of his hair. He had a classic Roman nose,

dark, thickly-lashed, extraordinarily sexy eyes, and a full sensual mouth which curled downward ever so slightly at the corners.

A bleached, flighty queen was sitting beside Wade up at the bar; Wade noticed him for the first time when he leaned over and said, "Looking for company?"

Wade glanced at him, shrugged. "I'm looking at somebody right now who I wouldn't mind having for company," he said.

The other guy turned on his stool, following Wade's eyes, and then he laughed and turned back around. "I know what you mean," he sighed. "It's really a pity about Costas. He's too handsome for his own good."

Wade was captivated by the name. "Do you know him?" he asked. "Is he American?"

"He's Greek or Spanish or something, I think," the boy said. "And, yes, I know him, or know about him. He's trouble. Forget him, pure trash... it's really a shame too, because he is so beautiful. He nearly killed some queens in here one night because they were carrying on about him, groping him and all. You have to watch him, he's dangerous. He comes in here and stands around but if you make a wrong move with him, he goes crazy, starts slugging."

"You mean he isn't gay?" Wade asked.

"I don't know what he is, except crazy," the queen said. He waved his hands languidly, and went on, "Sometimes he goes off with men, sometimes he doesn't. But he gets pissed off very easily and you never know what you said or did that was wrong. There's no rationality to him, he operates on instincts and emotions, I think. But just forget about him, honey, he's trouble all the way."

Wade shrugged away the guy's advice. "I think I need that kind of distraction tonight," he said.

The queen turned away, somewhat indignant, and his tone and mannerisms turned bitchy. "Well, just wave ten dollars in front of him and he'll either drop his pants or put you in the hospital," the queen said, lighting another cigarette from the butt of his previous one.

Wade continued staring at Costas. The man did not seem to be so ill-humored, at least not tonight. Once somebody walked by him, an older man in a business suit, made some passing remark, and Costas tilted his wild-looking head back and laughed -- a sudden flash of startling white teeth against his dark face. His eyes were following the man who'd made him laugh, and, as his gaze swept back toward its former direction, the dark eyes caught Wade staring. Costas looked for a moment, aloofly, but knowing that he was being watched, and then turned away again. He was holding a long-necked beer bottle on the thigh of one leg which was stuck behind him on the wall, and the proximity of the bottle to his crotch created an extremely enticing picture.

Wade ordered another drink and continued to watch the young stud for about thirty more minutes. Costas appeared oblivious; once he glanced over and met Wade's eyes again -- then, as before, he looked disinterestedly away.

It was disconcerting and frustrating. Wade shifted his eyes to some of the others in the bar, wondering if perhaps there was something about himself which the man didn't like. After a couple of more drinks, he decided to find out.

Costas had dropped his leg from the wall, placed the beer bottle aside, and sauntered cockily back towards the bathrooms. Quite blatantly, Wade followed him.

The toilet was dirty, smelly, the walls covered with graffiti. Huge cocks were drawn everywhere, scrawled over desperate messages, telephone numbers, addresses. Costas was standing up at the urinal, his broad, sinuous back facing Wade. He was standing with his legs spread far apart as he pissed, so that the clean outline of his ass in the tight corduroy pants was alluringly prominent.

Wade stepped up to the adjoining urinal. He unzipped the fly of the shorts he was wearing, tugged out his cock, and stood there trying to piss. Somehow it didn't work; he was too nervous, too aware of the man beside him. He glanced over through the corners of his eyes. Costas was finishing, shaking his big, limp, almost black cock with his hand.

Apparently he was wearing no underwear, for the curly black crotch hair sprouted out from his open fly along with his dick. While Wade stood there, Costas continued to shake his cock with his hand, then he flushed the urinal and suddenly stepped aside to lean against the wall, facing Wade from the side, his prick still hanging out in his hand. His mouth twisted in an arrogant grimace as his dark eyes flashed across Wade, and he said, "All right, queen, cut out the games; I know what you want."

Taken off guard, Wade nervously tucked his cock back into his shorts and turned to face the man.

"Well, now," Costas grinned. "Just how much bread are you willing to part with, faggot?"

"I'll give you ten," Wade said.

Costas thought it over for a moment. "Ten bucks, and I do to you what I want," he said.

"Fine with me," Wade shrugged, relinquishing all concern.

Costas wheeled around and went to close and lock the door of the john.

Then he leaned against the door, staring at Wade, still fondling his prick with one hand. "Get your pants down," he ordered.

Wade pulled down the shorts, then his underwear, pulling them over the sandals on his feet without much difficulty. He placed the clothing across the sink basin. Then he walked up to the handsome hustler, reached out with one hand and began to stroke Costas' big cock. Costas stood immobile, watching rather contemptuously, not even bothering to remove his own hand from where it was wrapped around his cock. Wade squeezed the man's

hand around, the prick and played with both hand and dick at the same time until the cockflesh began to swell and expand and stood rock-hard and ready, sticking straight out of Costas' open fly.

Nothing else was spoken between them. Abruptly, Costas grabbed Wade by the shoulders and slammed him up against the dirty bathroom wall. His hands worked quickly, unbuckling the heavy belt, dropping his pants down his hairy, muscular thighs all the way to the knees. He grabbed Wade's legs out from under him, raising them into the air and wrapping them around his waist. He kept Wade suspended from the floor by pressing his back hard into the wall and moving his own sturdy body up under Wade's.

Wade locked his legs around the man's waist and clung tightly to the thick neck with both arms.

Costas positioned himself so that his cock was pointing straight upward at Wade's ass. At the moment he shoved upward, Wade managed to drop his buttocks down; the cock, by their mutually well-timed movements, was plunged straight up into Wade's asshole. The head went searing inside, burning and filling Wade with that familiar, painful shock -- the shock of having a big cock rammed straight inside his ass without the benefit of lubrication. Costas waited only a moment, then he ground his entire prick up into the warm asshole, shoving it until Wade's ass was connected to Costas' hairy crotch at the balls.

Immediately, he began to plunge his cock up and down and thus in and out of Wade's ass, thrusting by sinking on his haunches and then lunging back upward, pile driving the cock to the hilt. Wade groaned and held tightly to the strong, hairy body, the only thing which prevented him from falling to the floor. He squeezed in with the muscles of his anal canal, gripping the long thick cock tightly as it tore its way in and out of his ass.

CHAPTER SIX

Costas was holding to Wade's naked legs with both arms, and once Wade reached down and ran his fingers over the colorful tattoo; Costas laughed at him and slammed his cock in extra hard, so hard that Wade winced and banged his head back against the wall.

He was aching all over by the time the man got done with him. His ass ached from the brutal fucking, his back and neck felt sore from the awkward position.

Costas never spoke. He simply slammed his cock in and out of the asshole until he shot a huge load of come, some of which dripped out and splashed across Wade's thighs. Then the man jerked his cock out and, placing his hands on Wade's waist, lifted Wade down until his feet were planted on the floor. Wade leaned against the wall for a moment trying to catch his breath. Costas stuffed his big cock back into his pants, zipped up his fly, and stuck out one dark, callused hand.

Wade crossed to the sink, got out his wallet, extracted a ten-dollar bill, and handed it to the bored, hustler. Costas turned and left.

After he had dressed, Wade went back into the bar and paid his bill.

Several people glanced at him with knowing, mocking smiles; he refused to look at them, refused to be embarrassed or ashamed over the degrading little episode. He had wanted a cock up his ass and he had gotten one -- to hell with everything else.

Costas was sitting up at the bar, drinking, looking as cocky and aloof as ever. He did not even glance at Wade.

Out on the street, the night air felt cool and good on his face; it erased the smoke and the heat and the foul odor of that john. Out on the street, it was as if nothing had happened, as if that quick; frenzied incident in that toilet

with a stranger had never occurred. Wade was so drunk that he knew once he made it back to his hotel and went to sleep.

None of it would be remembered in the morning, anyway. At least, he hoped it wouldn't be remembered.

He was walking down the sidewalk, telling himself that he wouldn't remember and that nothing mattered. Suddenly somebody was beside him, walking with him. Somebody handsome. Somebody whom he thought he'd seen earlier in the bar, but couldn't tell for sure.

The boy was talking to him and he tried to answer, although he really just wanted to be left alone. He caught the name "Paul", some question about being new in town, another question as to the destination of his walk.

He couldn't cope with it. "Look," he said finally, the words coming out sounding slurred, even to himself. "If you want to fuck, then come on...

if not, leave me alone."

The boy stopped speaking. They walked together back to the hotel.

Wade went into the shower. He wanted to wash all traces of Florida off him before making a start back home, all traces of that sad, pathetic, drunken, and meaningless little encounter the night before. It was the first time he had had sex when he could not even recall what the person looked like the following morning. Things had gone too far. He had to go back to Los Angeles and settle things. He couldn't stay here and start a new series of meaningless sexual encounters.

He decided not to even think about facing Rick. Rick wouldn't go anywhere until he knew where Wade was. After all, Wade was his meal ticket. If Rick didn't know anything else in relation to Wade -- except how to turn him on - - he was certainly sure that living with him was preferable to trying to make it on his own.

Turn the whole business off, Wade told himself, until you are back home.

He had just gotten dressed when a knock came on the door. At first, Wade just stood there, not certain, and thinking that the last thing he needed to add to his confusion was to have that silly trick from last night actually show up again.

"Who is it?" he called sharply.

"It's only me," came the reply. "Paul."

Paul. Yes, that was his name. What was wrong with him? Why couldn't he just be honest with the boy? Open the door and say sorry -- sorry, but I'm going back to Los Angeles to my sonofabitch lover, and it's been nice talking with you and even nicer being sucked off by you, but just keep your pants on, Paul, baby, because I don't have the energy to make it with you again.

"Wade?" came the voice from outside the door. "Are you going to let me in?"

As bright as the room was with the midday sun glowing on the curtains, it brightened a hundred times when he saw Paul's smile of greeting.

"Hey," he said cheerfully. "You're all dressed and ready to face the day." He glanced around the room a moment and then said, "Let's go get something to eat."

His actions took Wade off balance. He had been sure the kid was going to be hot for more sex and disappointed to see him dressed. Wade was staring at him.

"Is something wrong?" Paul asked. "The way you're looking at me, I thought there was something wrong with my face."

"No, Paul," Wade said. "There's nothing wrong. And there's certainly nothing wrong with your face. It is exceptionally nice to look at."

"Thank you," he replied, and it was a combination of acceptance and appreciation Wade was unused to; it was as though Paul knew he was good-

looking and was sincerely glad to find out someone else thought so too.

They stood staring at one another. He was very nice, Wade thought, he wasn't just some silly trick at all.

"I didn't expect to see you again," Wade said. "We were both... well, awfully drunk last night. It's a little embarrassing, isn't it?"

"Yes," Paul grinned, "it is. I didn't know whether to come back or not. I didn't know if you'd want to see me again."

"Why did you come back?" Wade asked him.

The boy shrugged, looked down.

"Come on," Wade said. "Let's go get something to eat."

"You know, it's funny," Wade said. "I spend several hours answering a question, and it ends up that I've asked myself about a hundred new ones."

"Okay," Paul answered, "if you say it's funny, I won't argue."

Wade knew what he meant, but there was no reason to say anything more about it. They had eaten a long and leisurely lunch, then walked, or rather wandered through blocks of sunlit, palm lined streets while Wade poured out much of the story of Rick and himself...

Paul was an excellent listener, only occasionally asking a question which led into more details, and sometimes he would break in to point out some place of interest: a new lust-hotel, a famous shop, a gay bar.

"You know," Wade said finally. "I've been talking about myself all this time, but you haven't told me one thing about you."

"Is that important?" Paul asked with a quizzical look. "You'll be on a plane before the day is over and back in California tonight. What difference will it make if you know anything about me or not?"

They were standing at a corner waiting for the light to change. Wade turned and looked him square in the face. It was like seeing him for the first time. Still an exceptionally attractive young man, but something much more. For a brief instant he remembered him kneeling between his legs in the hotel room, his hand firmly around his throbbing cock, and heard the echo of his words: "I'm going to blow you." Then it was replaced by the actuality of his deep, intelligent eyes looking at him in a way Wade was not accustomed to -- curious, seeking something inside which had nothing to do with sweating, anxious sensuality, stiff pricks, wide-open assholes, white come.

"It makes a difference," Wade heard himself saying. "Because I'm not, going back to Los Angeles today."

"When did you make that decision?"

"Just now."

"Why?"

Wade thought about it for a minute. "I'm not sure I know, Paul," he said.

"It has something to do with what I've been telling you about Rick. And it has something to do with you, I suppose. I want to know more about you. I can only do that by staying in Miami."

"What about your job? And your house... and the car you left at the airport? You can't just walk away from everything."

"Are you trying to convince me to go back home?"

They looked intently at one another and then they both smiled at the same time. It was the only answer needed.

"I'll have to make a phone call to Greg today," Wade thought aloud. "He can take care of most things for me. He's the best friend I have."

"Yes," Paul said, "I gathered that from what you told me. It's too bad Rick isn't."

"Isn't what?"

"Your closest friend."

Wade knew the minute they walked into his apartment that it was all Paul.

He had picked it out. He had decorated it. He had selected the furniture, the colors. And there was nothing phony, pretentious, or fancy about it.

It was masculine without being defensive -- modern without being attention-getting.

Paul carded the bag of groceries he had purchased into the kitchen and then returned to stand in the doorway facing Wade.

"If you like it," he said, "stay awhile."

"I like it," Wade said. "And I know why. The place is simply an extension of you."

"Thanks," he grinned; he walked over to the windows and pulled up the rolled bamboo curtains. "Welcome to the Atlantic Ocean."

The view was surprising. The sun was getting low and great piles of clouds above the blue-green ocean were being tinted with hues of pink and violet. Between the apartment and the beach there was nothing but a few blocks of private homes.

They stood together staring out the window. "I could watch it for hours,"

Paul said.

Wade turned, standing very close to him, and Paul faced him. Wade could feel the warm touch of his breath on his face, and at close range his brown eyes seemed wider and deeper than ever. Wade was still looking into them when he felt Paul's lips pressing against his own with just enough pressure to cause a dry electricity to flash its message into him.

Paul moved back from him, making Wade feel as if he were being deserted.

Wade put a hand against the flat of his chest.

Then he began to unbutton Paul's shirt. Paul stood silent and motionless, as though he were a slave at Wade's command. When the material had parted, Wade put his hand inside. He was slimmer, but more muscular, than Wade had expected. The pectorals flared under his exploring hand; Wade ran his hand from side to side, caressing his skin and feeling the hardening of his nipples. A soft sigh escaped him, but he did not move or try to change the tempo of their contact.

With both hands, Wade pulled the shirt up out of his pants and took it off. Square-shouldered, a bit boyish. Wade opened the waistband of Paul's slacks, pulled down the zipper, and, holding the pants on both sides, lowered them so he could step out of them after slipping off his sandals.

Paul's legs were lean, the skin stretched tautly over the sinew and muscle. Although his chest was hairless, his legs bore a smooth, dark; downy covering. When he put his pants aside, Wade drew his hands up along the outer contours of Paul's legs, trying not to pay direct attention to the promised prize which was already right in front of his face.

Paul was wearing jockey-style shorts, probably one size larger than he needed for his slim waist and flat hips. But caged within the pouch was a mound far beyond the proportions his body or his hands might have suggested. And it was growing quite rapidly even as Wade slid his fingers inside the elastic waistband.

Wade pulled the flexible material out toward him, and the fine-sized, column of Paul's cock, freed from its entrapment, rose up sharply to lie against the rigid muscles of his stomach. Its great, flaring head gave more than a hint of what Wade revealed a moment later when he slipped the undershorts all the way to the floor. Paul stepped out of them; Wade put the discarded garment with his other clothes while he stood there waiting, erect and wide-legged and ready for Wade's next move or comment.

Wade studied the splendid body. He could see the full excellence of his physical condition; a body which was a complete unit, well-kept, thoroughly used -- the end result of hard work and natural sports

development, rather than concentrated, self-centered efforts. Everything about him was natural, from the full crown of sun-lightened brown hair to the confidently relaxed posture to the upthrust of his swollen cock.

"Where is your bedroom?" Wade asked.

He motioned with his head toward the hallway which led beyond the kitchen. And he stepped past Wade to lead the way.

Walking behind him, Wade had a new perspective on the young man's body.

His backside with all solid muscle, high and round, and incredibly sensual, inviting to be touched, kissed, even -- no, of course not. That wasn't his scene, Wade knew that already. Certainly no man had ever put his prick into the asshole hidden deep between those luscious cheeks.

In the few seconds it took to get to his bedroom, Wade also noticed that his soft, smooth tan did not stop at his asscheeks. True, that area was lighter in color, almost had an airbrush effect, toned down at that precious zone. Obviously he had someplace where he could sunbathe in the nude. Wade would have to ask him about it. But that and the rest of the world could wait.

Paul stood watching him as Wade quickly got out of his clothes. Then Wade went to sit on the edge of the bed. Paul walked to where he was sitting, stood with his legs planted wide apart on the floor before him. Wade reached out and softly stroked the cock. "It's so big," he said. "I wouldn't think you'd have such a big cock, for some reason."

Paul only laughed, good-naturedly. "Why don't you suck on it a little while?" he said.

Gently, Wade took the column of hard flesh into his mouth. He sucked on it until Paul was overcome with excitement; they moved onto the bed together, Paul stretched out and extended one arm for Wade to join him. A moment later, Wade was against him full length, chest to chest, belly to belly, leg to leg, their thrusting cocks sparring with each other almost independently of their movements.

The first true joining was their mouths, and the contact became wild, anxious, almost desperate, as they fought to plunge their tongues deeper and deeper into each other and to taste more fully the special and personal flavor of initial passion. And the wonderful struggle seemed to continue for hour after marvelous hour.

As though their joining had resulted in an increased ability to read one another's minds, their mouths moved apart on mutual command, and each began to seek out new areas of pleasure, together and individually. There was no pattern or order to it. They licked and kissed and bit and sucked at ears, necks, shoulders, nipples, arms, fingers, navels. Their lips and tongues and fingers pressed and pulled and touched at hips and thighs and buttocks and backs and calves, multiplying the possibilities of nerve reaction.

Wade had moved into an unworldly state of excessive wonder, unlike any he had ever known. For the first time he was not only aware of the taste and feel and erotic odor of every part of a man's body, but was in tune with the increasing pace of uncontrollable thrill building throughout his whole being.

When Paul's exploration of his body reached rapidly towards his sex organs, Wade had to warn him that he was dangerously close to orgasm.

"Take it very easy on me, Paul," he whispered. "I don't want to come before you do."

Paul's voice came back, thick with excitement. "I'm about to shoot my load, too..." Then he relaxed, but without taking his hand from Wade's prick. He was doing something with his fingers to keep Wade at the very highest pitch of feeling without bringing him over that ultimate crest.

CHAPTER SEVEN

And now, Wade knew, that cock was waiting for him, the super-swollen prick dripping freely with an excessive flood of lubrication; the prodigious balls hanging hot and loose between his opened thighs. Wade put one hand around the big cock and pulled its heavy length up from Paul's stomach to his lips; he tasted the delicious richness of Paul's juice.

His other hand came up under the balls, lifting them and massaging them, and feeling the great reservoir of power which they contained. His tongue licked hungrily at the big cockhead, and slowly he tested his ability to take its pulsing roundness into his mouth.

He could feel Paul react, his whole body vibrating, and Paul's soft cries of desire were telling Wade how good he was making him feel. Wade moved further down on his cockshaft. How much of the massive pole could he engulf? How many of those exposed nerve endings in that stupendous prick could he arouse?

The further he went the easier it seemed to be accept the size of Paul's dick. He felt a combination of the satisfaction it was bringing him and the obvious exaltation he had produced in Paul.

"Oh, suck it, baby," Paul was moaning. "Suck that cock. Yeah... there. It feels so good, so good. Suck it... take as much of it as you can. Eat me, Wade. Eat my dick."

And the proof of Wade's ability came more quickly than he had expected.

He reached the ultimate goal of his sexual odyssey -- the entire length of Paul's big cock was buried within him, the head of it all the way into the back of his throat.

"Oh, baby," Paul suddenly called out. "I'm going to shoot! I'm going to shoot my come down your throat... suck, Wade, suck it, suck that dick!"

And an instant later he had gone down on Wade as far as Wade was on him

- and with a violence so intense Wade thought he heard the accompanying explosion of thunder, they both began to come. It was impossible for Wade to tell whether it was Paul's bursting jolts of semen he was more conscious of, or his own jetting flood. They rocked and quivered with the energy of the dual release. Wade could feel the pumping of Paul's balls in his hand which surrounded the big sac, and urged them to deliver more and more of the thick cream. Paul's lips and mouth and throat were pulling a matching portion of churning semen from Wade's cock.

And even after the last traces of orgasm and passion had gone from their bodies, they still lay plunged full length into each other's mouths, drifting from fiery passion into an unequaled state of exquisite enchantment. Wade had always heard the term "afterglow". And now, lying in a prolonged sixty-nine position with a young man whom he did not understand, he felt sure he knew what the term meant.

He was a little bit in love with this stranger named Paul.

The remainder of that week passed like a dream to Wade. For the first time in years, he was sleeping while it was dark and living while the sun was shining. But more importantly, for the first time in his life, he was finding out what it was like to share a life with someone.

He was sleeping late every morning, only vaguely aware when Paul left his arms and the apartment to go to his job. The tension and exhaustion of years of crazy schedules, noisy clubs, long band practices, an undefinable loneliness had never been dissipated when he'd started living with Rick.

He had only gone from one sort of pressure at work to another at home.

He believed Paul when he told him after several days how much better he was looking. It was not only the tan he was building up from their afternoons together at the beach; he felt better, he was happier, and he simply looked it.

He would make a big breakfast for himself when he got up, clean the apartment, and be ready for an equally expansive lunch with Paul when he came back from his job at the hotels. Often they took the meals as picnics and spent their time on the sand. They swam hard, walked endless miles along the ocean, and talked for hours and hours. The odd part was that they never seemed to talk about anything except Wade.

Then, of course, there was the lovemaking. Every day. And more than once a day that first week. Open, uninhibited, marvelous sexual exploration and satisfaction. And with Paul it never had the aura of insatiability which had made sex with Rick so urgent, desperate, and violent.

Paul came home from work one afternoon exceedingly horny. With a cock the size of Paul's, it wasn't easy for him to hide the fact that he had a hard-on.

"Wade, would you do me a favor and get my rocks off?" he asked quite frankly. "By hand or mouth... or even by slamming a Goddamn window down on it!"

"Of course," Wade answered, putting down the silverware and dishes he had been setting the table with. "What's the problem?"

"The problem," he said, already shedding his clothes, "is those two jock college boys who checked into the hotel day before yesterday. They apparently came down to Miami Beach to set up a nonstop sex orgy, and they are doing their damndest to get me to join in."

He was nude now, and Wade could see the heavy ooze of clear juice welling up from the head of his cock. Paul sat on the sofa, putting one hand firmly around the cockshaft to milk up more of the lubrication.

"Oh, shit, I can beat it myself," he said, spreading the slick fluid over his tool.

"No, you don't," Wade told him as he sat on the floor between Paul's legs and took hold of his cock. "Tell me what happened, and let me enjoy myself. I like sucking your cock, Paul... among other things." And he went

down on the prick, delighting in the taste of Paul's body and in the feel of the throbbing hard dick in his mouth.

"Well, these guys are eating all their meals in their rooms, and a lot of other things besides, judging by who I've seen in there and who I've seen going in there. I guess athletes specialize in athletes, but the group up there this morning was enough to bend the mind."

He stopped talking suddenly and took in a sharp breath.

"Oh, that feels good, Wade," he exclaimed, grinning at the man who was busily sucking his cock.

Wade moved back from the dick to return the smile; Paul took the opportunity to slide forward on the sofa so that his balls were hanging over the edge. Wade took hold of them with one hand to increase his excitement.

"Go on with your story," Wade said, and he engulfed the inviting, purplish head again.

"This was about eleven o'clock. They had called room service and put in a big order. They knew I was on duty from the two previous days, and they've been cruising me pretty openly on each occasion. When I knocked on the door, someone called out that it was open, so I pushed it aside and wheeled the cart into the living room of their suite. There were seven guys in there, all with drinks, and not one of them had a stitch of clothes on. They all looked like members of a college football team.

Enough muscles among them for three times as many guys... and plenty of cock too, believe."

Wade stopped working on his cock long enough to ask, "What were they doing when you came in?"

"Waiting for me. I don't mean to be conceited about it, but there was no doubt, that the two who lived there had told the five guests about me. I felt as though I had walked out onto a stage with seven glowing spotlights on me. They were all sitting around bare-ass on the couch and chairs, one was

on the floor. None of them had hard-ons exactly... but they weren't exactly relaxed either. One of the guys who is registered there closed the door behind me... started talking, introducing me to the others. Of course, I haven't the damnedest idea of what their names were.

All I wanted to do was get the hell out of there."

"Why?" Wade asked Paul. "What the hell difference would it make to have a swing with some of them?"

"You really don't understand me, do you, Wade?" he said. "If I had decided to have sex with any of them, would I have come back home and asked you to do this?"

"No, I guess not."

"Would you have followed through if you had been there? Would you have let them talk you into stripping down, and going at it hot and heavy with any or all of them?"

"I'm not sure," Wade said. "But then, they probably wouldn't go after me the way they did you. It's different with you."

"How?"

"You are exceptionally handsome... and something about you spells 'Sex' to everyone."

"And you think this is an advantage?"

Wade couldn't answer the question.

Paul stood up suddenly, grasped Wade by the upper arms, and lifted him bodily from the floor. As soon as Wade was on his feet facing him, Paul covered his mouth with his, parted Wade's lips with his tongue, and plunged it deep into Wade's mouth. Before Wade could recover from the pleasant surprise, Paul had already opened his trousers and pushed them down with

his shorts. He began to fondle Wade's cock until it had reached a full erection.

Paul transferred some of the slick lubrication from his cock to Wade's, and in a very short time he had Wade extremely aroused as he rode his hand smoothly up over the cockhead and all the way to the base. Wade matched the motion on Paul's big prong; each of them kept increasing the pace and following suit until their, hands were slimy tunnels of eroticism.

Paul stepped back to the sofa, pulling Wade with him by the hand on his dick as well as the strong suction of his mouth, and sat down again. The movement forced Wade to kneel facing him, his knees on either side of Paul's. They were going to shoot off on one another, Wade knew, and from the increasingly rapid pace of their breathing and the strangling sounds they were making, Wade knew that the moment of orgasm was not far away.

At the very last instant, just as Wade could feel the first squeeze of the orgasm deep between his legs, Paul pulled his mouth from his with a loud wet sound, threw his head forward, and captured his straining cock with his lips.

There was no stopping at this apex of sensation. Wade began to come, and at the unceasing stimulation of his hand, so did Paul. Paul's thick, splashing ejaculations coursed on Wade's hand and arm, onto Paul's stomach and chest, dripping down Paul's abdomen towards their original source. At the same time, Wade's balls were sending out their own pulsing jets of jism, and Paul was receiving them sweetly, almost greedily.

Tuesday was Paul's day off at the hotel, so Monday night the two of them went out for a good seafood dinner and then went bar-hopping at Paul's suggestion.

Wade found the bars in Miami much like those he had been to in Los Angeles. There was the eternal cruising, the continual search for a new bed partner, a good-looking trick, or even a possible new lover. Even the guys who were not strictly out looking for sex still were looking. Wade knew that it was as impossible for a stranger to walk into a gay bar and not be noticed as it would be for an alligator to slither up to the bar and order a drink.

And even though he was not as good-looking as Paul, Wade found himself receiving just as much attention because of his newness as Paul was getting for his special attractiveness.

Wade really didn't pay much attention to the strong glances and occasional leading remarks made to him. It was interesting, even somewhat flattering. But he had no intention of going off with anyone or bringing anyone back to Paul's apartment, even though Paul had given his permission for Wade to do so. And the last five days had made it clear that Paul wasn't out to pick up another guy, either.

Wade knew that it was a convenient arrangement and nothing more. They were infatuated with one another, but Paul understood quite well how Wade felt about Rick, and he knew that despite all the problems between them, Rick was the man Wade would eventually be going home to. At the same time, Wade was smart enough to realize that his meeting Paul was the luckiest accident of his life.

About eleven o'clock they arrived at what was apparently Paul's favorite bar. It was a large circular room with a ceiling dominated by a magnificently intricate chandelier. There was a continuous wall of seats along the outer wall with tiny tables which could be put together or left separate, and in the middle there was a circular bar surrounded by stools, except where a baby grand cut into the almost-complete wheel.

It was the most crowded of all the bars Paul had taken him to, but Wade noticed the unused piano while they were waiting for their drinks to be served.

"Don't they ever have a pianist?" Wade inquired.

"Yes," Paul told him. "A fellow named Sammy. I wonder why he's not here."

"Maybe he's on his break."

Paul shook his head. "I doubt it. If he were working tonight, there would be at least five cocktail glasses up there. I don't think he can play unless he's

drinking." When the bartender was setting their two glasses before them, Paul asked, "Henry, where's Sammy tonight?"

"Beats me, Paul. Tonight, or last night... or Saturday night. He hasn't shown up."

"I'll bet Rodney is sore as hell," Paul laughed.

"Yeah," Henry commented. "But what's he gonna do? It isn't easy to pick up another pianist."

Paul looked at Wade with a cunning smile. "Want to earn some money?" he asked.

Wade looked around the club. The crowd was comparatively quiet, good-looking; neither the screaming queen group nor the heavy-drinking crowd.

They would probably be a good audience for jazz piano music.

"Why not?" Wade answered. "That is, if the hours aren't too long."

"I hear the money is real good," Paul said, then turned to the bartender and asked, "Is Rod around now?"

"He's upstairs, I think," the bartender said. "Wait a minute. I'll call and see."

He went to the other side of the bar and picked up a phone there, an intercom instrument, Wade noted. A minute or so later, he was back.

"He's in his apartment. Says come on up, and the drinks are on the house."

"Thanks, Henry," Paul said, pushing a five-dollar bill across the bar.

"Take, out for the drinks, anyway. This is strictly a business call."

When the change had come back, Paul told Wade to bring his glass and follow him. They went back toward the front entrance, and just across from the little checkroom they turned up the stairway which said

"Lounges". Halfway up, Paul stopped and faced him.

"Don't let Rod con you, Wade," Paul warned. "He's famous for that. This bar is a gold mine and he can afford top money. I heard him arguing with Sammy once, and he was saying that he made more money here than he could get in New York. You'd know about what the pay should be, so don't feel you have to do him any favors. He's just an acquaintance as far as I'm concerned. I suggested this for your benefit, not his."

"Okay, Paul, thanks. I appreciate the interest." He grinned down at Wade and they went to the top. There were three doors, one marked "Private".

Paul pressed the buzzer.

Wade wasn't prepared for the man who opened the door to them. He had not formed any definitive picture of what Rod might look like, but what he encountered was the farthest thing from any image he could have conjured of the owner of a gay bar. Rod was about six feet four, weighed over two hundred pounds, and could have passed for a rancher or a lumberjack.

He had the strong, sculptured face and body of a true outdoorsman, with thick black hair, wide, squarish dark-blue eyes, a straight nose, and the kind of clean-edged mouth Wade had always associated with carved marble.

At the moment he was bare from the waist up, obviously in the midst of getting dressed. His huge chest, the crevice like a canyon, was covered with a mattress of curly hairs, some of which had gone gray. Wade judged him to be about thirty-five.

"How's the Miami Beach virgin?" he called out in a deep baritone voice which suited his appearance. He clasped Paul by the upper arm until Wade was introduced, then extended both hands to shake Wade's and to simultaneously clasp their joined hands in a muscular grip.

"Good to know you, Wade. Come in and sit down. Let me freshen your drinks."

"They're brand new," Paul said, going toward the built-in bar across the room, "but if I can, use a taller glass, I'll pour it over some ice."

CHAPTER EIGHT

"The bucket's right there," Rod said, his eyes following Paul. "Make yourself a big one, get real drunk, and give me an even chance of raping you."

"You haven't got that much booze, not even downstairs." Paul's tone was bantering; Rod took everything as a joke, laughed heartily, and turned to face Wade.

"I've been propositioning Paul since the first night we met," he announced. "But I haven't made it into that beautiful ass of his yet."

Paul had finished pouring his cocktail onto the rocks, and Rod turned toward him. "For five hundred bucks, Paul?" It sounded like a private joke - - at the same time it didn't sound funny at all.

Paul's expression did not alter. He neither frowned nor smiled, only gazed with a searching stare.

"Wade came up to talk about playing your deserted piano," Paul reminded Rod. "What happened to Sammy?"

"Who the fuck knows?" Rod snorted, picking up a clean shirt draped over the back of a chair and beginning to put it on. "He left here at closing time Friday with a couple of guys from Ohio, I think. I heard them talking about Key West and the possibility of going there and picking up some sailors. You know, once in a while Sammy sobers up long enough to remember what sex is, and then he goes off on a cruising jag. The trouble is, he can work while he's drinking, but he can't play the piano while he's sucking cocks, so I'm the one who's left high and dry." Then he swung around toward Wade. "Except," he said, "you're supposed to be a piano player too."

"That's right," Wade said. "Jazz. Cocktail. Rock, if I have to."

"Do you sing too?"

"That's not too important. I see you drink, though."

"When I'm working," Wade said, "a highball like this will last me maybe two hours."

Rod nodded. "Is Paul your agent?"

Wade laughed. "No. I'm just sharing his apartment right now."

Rod's eyebrows shot up. "Lovers?"

"Are you publishing a Goddamned newspaper, Rod?" Paul said. "Or are you just a nosy sonofabitch?"

"A thousand dollars, Paul!" he said. "I mean it, and you have a witness.

I'll give you a grand in cash this minute. All you have to do is open up that nice little ass of yours and let me in!"

Paul drained his glass and set it down hard on the bar. "I better get out of here, Wade, or he'll never talk business to you."

"Yeah, why don't you split, Paul," Rod said. "You're distracting me from important things."

Paul winked at Wade as he passed on the way to the door. "I'll see you downstairs."

Rod stood staring at the door after Paul had gone out. He still had not buttoned his shirt after putting it on; Wade could not keep his eyes from wandering over the splendid chest, and from surreptitiously dropping even lower to the man's crotch, which revealed an interesting imprint beneath his trousers.

Rod seemed to be easily distracted from one idea to another. "I've got a thing about that kid," he said. "And I suppose a lot of guys in this town who know him are in the same boat with me. He's really different from the rest. I'm not sure how or why because I only know him from the bar and from a few reasonably respectable parties. But whatever he is, I'd like to get next to

it once." He laughed. "But then I'd like to get next to a lot of guys in the same way, so what the hell. Let's talk about your playing. Have you ever played in a gay club before?"

Wade nodded.

"There are some problems, you know," Rod said. "You have to play it cool with the customers. I mean, be friendly, but distant. I don't hire people to make it easier for them to find sex. A pianist at the bar is in a great position to cruise and be cruised."

"You don't have to worry about that, Rod. When I'm playing, my mind is strictly on my music. Besides, I'm not the kind of guy to go looking for bed company. I live with someone and have for a long time now."

"In Los Angeles?"

"Yes."

"Is he there now?"

"Yes, he is."

"And you're here?" The look accompanying his obvious question already got his meaning across.

"It's kind of a vacation. You should know that I'll most likely be going back within a week or so."

He shrugged. "I expect Sammy will be back before that. I can only hire you on a night-to-night basis, you understand. Despite all his faults, Sammy has preference on this job."

"That's fine. We understand, each other then. When would you like me to start?"

"Right now, if you're ready. Or do you need music?"

"It's all up here," Wade answered, tapping the side of his head. "Suppose I play a couple of sets and see how your customers like it. If I'm not right, there's no point in wasting my time or yours."

"Fine," Rod said. He walked across the room to shake hands with Wade. "Go downstairs and start working. I'll be down shortly and we can talk money then."

"Great," Wade answered, and he turned away to go to the door. As he did, Rod gave him a kind of friendly pat on the ass, a pat which lingered for just a second longer than a purely, offhand gesture could account for.

There was absolute silence until Wade had opened the door.

"Think nothing of it, Wade. I've got a thing for asses."

"Well?" Paul asked Wade when he came up to the bar.

"Well, I'm about to go to work for awhile."

"Great."

"You don't mind?"

"Of course not. It was my idea, wasn't it?"

Wade grabbed him by the shoulder. "This was probably exactly what I needed. I was beginning to feel kind of useless. This may only be for one night, or a few -- till Sammy comes back -- but at least I'm doing something."

Paul turned and called to Henry, the bartender. He introduced Wade and told him he was going to play piano for a while. Wade ducked through the gate under the bar, opened the piano, and made himself comfortable on the bench. Henry snapped on a switch and abruptly there was a soft spotlight on Wade. Then he realized that the conversations had hushed and most of the eyes were on him, interested and expectant.

That familiar excitement coursed through him and said the words, "Show Tunes." It was always good to start with them at least. He put a program through his mind and then started to play; the full room of people seemed to condense into the single person of Paul sitting on the stool closest to him.

A vocalist had once told him that her method of putting a song across to an audience was to find just one person in it and sing directly to him.

She said it made the performance a personal act, and helped her to give the proper phrasing and meaning to the lyrics. Wade had found that this could work for him, too, when he was playing solo. In most instances, the single person from the audience would not be someone he knew, but just a fact which seemed more receptive to his performance than the average.

But Paul became that object not simply because he was sitting close enough for Wade to see him easily against the glare of the spotlight, but as the one person who would best understand what Wade was trying to say with his music. He had spent most of the past week telling about himself in words. This was another way of transmitting more of what he was on a deeper, more direct level. It was not too much different from making bye to him, it was just out in the open.

And even as he was enjoying the wonderful, personal contact, he wondered why he had never been able to do this with Rick.

The applause was as much a surprise to Henry and Paul as it was to Wade.

It came spontaneously at the end of his first set and built to an exciting and satisfying volume, including a few whistles of appreciation and some straightforward complimentary comments. It continued until Wade had gotten down from the low dais the piano stood on and Henry had turned off the spotlight.

The bartender rubbed him on the shoulder. "That was solid," he said.

"Right down the middle."

"You're a star!" Paul grinned at him as he came up from the gate under the bar. "Why didn't you tell me how talented you are?"

"There are thousands of guys who can play as well as that," Wade protested happily.

"Oh, sure," he came back. "That's why all these guys are giving you the big hand. Believe me, it takes talent to take their minds off themselves and their gossip and their cruising. They were really listening to you up there. I've never heard them really applaud for Sammy."

"They're used to him. I'm something new."

"That's true," Paul grinned affably. "New and talented."

"Thank you very much," Wade told him. "If you liked it, then that's all that counts."

Henry came over to them and broke in. "You might be interested in knowing that the boss just called down and wanted to know what all the noise was about. I told him the boys were applauding your playing. He says he'll be right down to talk to you."

Paul put his hand on Wade's arm. "Look, Wade, you won't mind if I head home. You're going to be here late, and I could use the extra sack time.

You have enough audience without me and I can look forward to hearing you play for me sometime soon... just for me, right?"

Wade felt a little let down; his face must have revealed it.

"Besides," Paul sighed. "I can't take anymore of Rod tonight. You understand?"

Wade said, "Of course I understand." But when Paul walked out of the place he seemed to be very much alone. He sensed that there was more to Paul's relationship with the owner of the bar than he wanted to let on.

It was not his business, though, and he knew he had no right to ask any questions. Still, it disturbed him.

A few minutes later those thoughts were gone from his mind, as he found himself the center of conversation with a number of patrons. Within five minutes, he had been introduced to a dozen or more smiling, sun-tanned guys and was answering their questions about where he was from, had he made any recordings, who did he know in the music business, and what was the gay scene in Los Angeles. It was, impossible to maintain any dialogue with any one person before another was talking.

Wade had to admit to himself that he liked it. He was a performer at heart, and he liked attention. It was all very friendly, gay, open, genuine appreciation for what he could do at the piano, and what seemed to Wade to be honest interest in himself as an individual. Then Rod showed up and everything changed.

Without really trying, Rod seemed to dominate the group from the moment he joined it. It was partly his own appearance and personality, and partly a kind of deference the men showed him. Rod was different from the rest, just as he felt Paul was different, but not for the same reasons.

Not one of the young men around Wade was an effeminate or obvious type of gay man; all were healthy, outgoing, athletic types, well-dressed, in their early twenties. But there was just something about Rod. Perhaps it was because he was older. Perhaps it was his size, his well-carried massive frame which outshone the one basketball player in the circle around Wade. More likely, it was the slow assurance of his actions, a kind of self-contained arrogance or nonchalance which said, "I know what I want and I get it by asking for it."

Wade wasn't quite sure why, but little by little the group began to break up, drift away to another part of the room, leaving him talking alone with Rod.

"It sounds as though you've made a good impression on the customers, Wade. I'm looking forward to hearing your next set."

Suddenly it was very important to Wade to have this man's approval of his playing added to the response he had already received.

"Is there a schedule of playing I'm supposed to follow, Rod?" he asked, "or can I get back to the piano now?"

"Be my guest," he answered, and then he said across the bar: "Henry, put on Wade's spotlight. He's going to give a command performance."

The next set went even better than the first and Rod's reaction was the reason. Wade wasn't more than a dozen bars into the first piece when he saw the approving smile, or half-smile, on the man's rugged face; Wade knew that Rod liked what he was hearing.

With Paul gone, Wade used Rod as his total-audience-of-one, and the evening began to dissolve into a long, unspoken conversation between Wade at the piano and Rod at the closest stool. Rod took perfunctory time out to speak with the bartender or give an order; once he even made a circuit around the room. But he always came back to watch Wade. Occasionally he would keep time with the music with his hand on the bar as he stared long and intently, not smiling, at the new pianist.

Since it was a week night, the bar began to empty not long after midnight. By one o'clock, after Wade had completed a medley of Judy Garland favorites, Rod said, "That's enough, Wade. You've earned yourself a good night's pay." He glanced around the room and added, "The ones who are staying up later than this are interested in booze or cock rather than in music. Never outstay your audience."

"I enjoyed it," Wade smiled at the man. "It's good to know that I haven't lost my touch in a week."

"Not likely," Rod said. "Come on upstairs so I can pay you and make some arrangements for the rest of the week. Even if Sammy does come back, I'll tell him to take a vacation. I want to get the full benefits of your talent while you're in Miami."

After they climbed the stairway and entered his apartment, Rod said, "Relax, and pour yourself a drink. It must be tiring sitting on that bench for hours."

"Pianists get used to it," Wade said, flopping down onto the deep sofa.

"I guess we develop good muscles where we sit."

"Yes, I noticed when you were up there earlier," he replied. The words came out very directly and they stared at each other for a moment. Wade's heart was beating very hard all of a sudden and he wouldn't have known how to answer Rod's statement had the man not burst into a deep-throated laughter. "Imagine," he went on, "developing the shape of your ass and getting paid for it."

Wade stood up. "I think I'll have the drink," he said, and he walked past Rod over to the bar. He was putting ice into a tall glass when he heard the man's warm breath, and then his voice, right behind him, almost in his ear.

"I'd like to see that ass, Wade."

And now his pulse was pounding so loud in his ears that he felt dizzy. He couldn't move, he could only stand there with the glass of ice, not answering, not turning around. He knew what he was waiting for, but he dared not speak it. The noisy silence went on until the pressure of his own blood in his own ears was like an excruciating pain.

Then he felt Rod's hand move onto his backside, not hesitantly, not delicately, but with virile assurance. It was a contact so strong that the layers of cloth which separated them seemed to disappear. And the strength of the hand was what made Wade Matthews heart pound, made his knees feel weak all over, rendered him speechless. Rod's big fingers seemed to mold themselves to Wade's bunching flesh, and Wade moved back against Rod's palm with an abrupt and knowing thrust of desire.

"It feels better than it looks," Rod told the boy, and his other hand moved between Wade and the bar to pull skillfully at Wade's belt buckle, opening it

and the button at the waistband of his trousers more rapidly than Wade himself could have done it. Just as rapidly, Rod opened Wade's zipper and undid the snaps of Wade's shorts, then pulled both garments down to his ankles.

Both of his hands were exploring the curves of Wade's exposed ass, massaging and kneading the trembling cheeks until Wade felt that any moment his legs would buckle.

"You little bitch," Rod whispered hoarsely in Wade's ear. "I knew you'd drop your pants for me... you're just like all the others, aren't you..."

all of them except Paul. Tell me, does he fuck this sweet ass of yours?"

His voice sounded mean and full of contempt.

"Yes," Wade whispered, knowing that he was lost now, knowing that he loved it.

"Does he have a big dick?"

"And I bet you love it, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, I love it... every inch of it." Wade heard the man chuckling behind him. And then he was aware of a quick movement back there -- and an instant later, lightning struck him. Hot, wet, lightning. Rod's mouth was nibbling, animal like, at the aroused nerves of Wade's ass; the tongue was licking with an accelerating speed. And then both Rod's big clumsy hands were pushing the cheeks apart and that flicking wet sword went to its target without parrying.

Wade had to grab onto the bar for support. So Rod had a "thing" about asses -- hell, it was an unadulterated talent. He had his tongue rotating Wade's ass with a technique designed to unlock the portal in the delight of pure surrender.

Farther and farther Rod pressed into his ass with his tongue, wilder and wilder were the sensations radiating from the lunging tongue-kiss and,

consequently, just as Rod had calculated, greater and greater was Wade's own need to be entered, penetrated.

Only vaguely was Wade aware that his own stiff prick was jamming mercilessly against the wood paneling on the front of the bar. At that moment his entire universe was centered upon the thrilling, vibrating nerves of his rectum.

And then he could hold it back no longer.

"Fuck me, Rod!" he screamed, his voice rasping, hoarse. "For shit's sake, use your cock... and fuck me as hard as you can!"

"You asked for it, you little bitch," Rod's deep voice assured him, "and you're fucking well gonna get it now."

There was a hurried rustling of clothing. And much faster than Wade thought anyone could have gotten undressed, Rod was against him, his strong hands on his hips, holding the cheeks spread wide.

Then Wade reached behind him, and down. He gasped. His mind did not believe what his hand was feeling, it was too terrifying at this point, and he whirled around so swiftly that Rod did not have time to step back and they crashed chests first into one another. The monstrosity of a cock was stabbed into Wade's belly as they came face to face, and he reached down to grip it again. The weight alone was enormous.

"Oh, my God," Wade breathed quietly. "Oh, Rod... let me see it, let me look at it..."

Rod laughed. "You'll do more than look at it, you little queen. You're going to get it shoved up your asshole."

"I can't take it... it's too..."

Rod grabbed him by the shoulders, flung him back around against the bar.

"You'll take it, all right," he snorted. "You asked for it and you're gonna get it." He held Wade pressed into the wood as he found his mark again. "Okay,

bitch, I'm coming in!" he announced.

CHAPTER NINE

There was not a split second of hesitation before he leaned forward, bringing his entire body against Wade's in a moment of unbelievable horror. "Here comes thirteen inches of fat cock, bitch!" he laughed. And the prick went tearing into Wade like some instrument of torture, big and thick, battering him like a rampaging bull, driven by the full power of the man's powerful body. Nothing could stand in its way.

"Oh, shit, Rod!" Wade shouted in panic. "Take it out! I can't stand it...

please take that fucking cock out of me... it's tearing my ass apart! For Christ's sake... please!"

The big hairy arms were around him like clamps.

"You're gonna love it," Rod said. "Your ass is built just right for this, I can tell that already... and you want it more than anything in your life. Somebody's already made a good start on you. Hell, your ass has had a lot of cock shoved up it, don't think I can't tell that. But, bitch, before I'm through with you, you're gonna have the biggest, wasted, fucked-out asshole in the world. Bend over, faggot, and get fucked by a man!"

Wade knew that there was no point in struggle. He was trapped by the man's power, by his masculinity, his will -- and most of all by his sexuality. He knew it, and although part of his mind tried to fight against it, something in his body over which he seemed to have no control whatever screamed at him to say that it was true.

This was exactly what he wanted to be fucked like a worthless little bitch in heat, to be fucked by a man in every sense of the word, to be used for a man's lust to the point of satiation.

Rod's prick could have been tipped with a lance of steel judging from the way it felt up inside his body. Each forward thrust seemed to strike a new area of pain in Wade's bowels, and the movement of the whole shaft was a

rasping, tearing assault on his sensations. The big, muscular man was tireless and at least ten minutes of brutal fucking went on before the level of pain began to decrease.

It continued to decrease, and then a new reaction took hold of Wade.

Slowly, but ever so surely, he was being released from the torture; it was as though some miraculous medicine was being introduced into his body. The pain ebbed, dulled, and then turned into a riveting, heart-pounding, sensational pleasure. And gradually the pleasure built to intense heights.

Rod's ponderous cock was no longer a weapon of determined misery; like a magician's wand, it had transformed itself into a hard, warm, life-pulsating organ capable of creating marvels in the deep recesses of Wade's asshole. Wade found himself rearing back against each of the strokes, trying to draw even more of the engorged cock into him, trying to drain even more delight from the contact.

"Liking it, bitch?" Rod laughed, sensing the change.

"Oh, God, yes. Fuck me, you stud-horse... fuck the shit out of me!"

"Baby, you sure are asking for it, aren't you?" Rod groaned as he began to increase the fury of his thrusts.

"That's it," Wade cried. "Give it to me! Like that! And that! And that!"

Fuck me, fuck me, oh, fuck me!"

"I'm fucking you, you bitch. Just like I'm gonna fuck that snotty friend of yours. Yeah, how'd you like to see that? See your big hero being fucked in the ass by my big cock? Would you like that, bitch? One of these days I'm gonna throw Paul down on my bed over there and spread his legs wide. Yeah. You ought to be here to see it. I'll tear that asshole of his to shreds -- and I'll make him love it and beg for more like you're doing."

Wade's entire body was thrilling to the unimaginable change, and just as he was hoping it would never stop, Rod shouted out some wordless, guttural

sounds and started to come. Once, twice, three times. Wade was counting the separate spurts of the man's semen, racing through Rod and through Wade at the same time and then out of the huge prick to erupt in Wade's battered asshole. Four, five, six, seven. Wade hoped they would stay joined like this forever. Eight, nine, ten. He had done this for Rod and he would show his appreciation, surely, by doing it again. Tonight, hopefully even tomorrow. Eleven. A pause. Twelve.

"Keep it in, Rod," Wade moaned. "God, I love the way that fucking dick feels up my ass. I wish I could keep it there forever. I belong with a dick in my ass, I love it, and I love being fucked by big-cocked studs like you, Rod. Keep it in... I want you to cold-cock me again; right now... fuck me until I can't stand up..."

Rod yanked his cock out of the boy in one brutal movement, a movement that was as swift and inconsiderate as his entrance had been. The pleasure Wade had been experiencing was cut off with an exclamation mark of sharp pain. And he was left clutching the bar, his stiff and untouched cock sticking against the wood, his pants and shorts down around his shoe tops, his ass sore and bruised. And his self-esteem at the same vanishing point it had been the night he'd arrived in town.

"Get out, you bitch," Rod said. "I'll fuck you again tomorrow night, maybe." And before Wade could, turn around, he had gone into the bathroom.

Wade was grateful that he had exited, anyway. At least he didn't stand there to watch him pulling at his clothing, looking and feeling so helpless and defeated. Wade finally got all his clothing on and started for Paul's place.

He was ashamed and humiliated, and he knew that he deserved nothing better than what he had just gotten.

"Any particular reason why you slept in the other bedroom?" Paul asked him when he came into the kitchen.

Wade had fixed lunch for both of them. Paul's tone of voice sounded merely curious, but Wade was still glad that he had a tan to cover the hot flush

which was creeping up his neck and face.

He had, answers all prepared to deliver, but somehow he was just as shaken up as he would have been had Paul been awake and waiting for him when he'd gotten back from the bar last night.

"It was late," Wade finally, managed. "I didn't want to disturb your sleep. You said yourself you needed a good night's rest."

"I would never be disturbed by you getting into my bed," Paul smiled quickly. Then he added, "I just hoped you weren't pissed off by my not staying to hear more of your playing."

Wade had the oddest feeling that Paul was lying to him, or concealing something from him, for the first time since they had known one another.

He wondered if somehow Paul knew what had happened between him and Rod?

No, that wasn't possible. Not unless Rod was actually rotten enough to have called him at work. But why? To make Paul jealous? Of whom?

Certainly not of Rod. It was quite clear that if Paul was interested in having sex with Rod, then all he had to do was to say so.

Did Rod think Paul would be jealous of Wade? He looked across the table at the handsome young man starting in on his bowl of salad. No, Paul didn't think of him that way. An intimate friend, perhaps. A desirable bed partner, for sure. But it was Paul who was always reminding him that he would eventually be going back to Rick in Los Angeles.

No, Paul's odd reaction must be a facade for some other emotion, perhaps some complication in his life which had nothing to do with him. Or maybe he was just hung-up horny because they had not had sex last night. Well, that was easily cured. He could be just as direct with Paul as Paul was with him.

"If that invitation to your bed still holds," Wade said, "I'd like to take you up on it right after lunch."

But this time it was Paul who looked at a loss for words. He looked away from Wade and bit at his lip.

"I can't this afternoon," he said, half mumbling. "I've got to go somewhere. I'll be back for dinner. Can we make it then?"

"I guess so. If you come back early enough. I have to be at the bar by eight."

"Well, look, Wade, if I don't show up by six, you go ahead and eat without me, okay?"

No, it wasn't all right. In fact, something was all wrong, and Wade felt a cold stab of fear run through him. He wanted to ask some questions, demand answers. But where did he come off thinking he could require Paul to tell him everything about himself? He had no hold on him, no emotional hold -- and obviously no sexual one either. Maybe they had simply been together for too long in such a short period of time and boredom was setting in.

Wade tried to think of something to talk about which would fill up the silence, but he could find nothing in his mind except a series of pictures of him and Paul making love, abruptly interspersed with a memory of last night, of Rod driving his ruthless cock in and out of his asshole.

"Are you going to the beach?" Paul finally asked, breaking the spell of emptiness. "It's a beautiful day."

"I don't know," Wade answered, trying not to look or sound disappointed.

"I really ought to find a piano and do some practicing. I was stiff last night during the first couple of sets."

"You sounded top drawer to me. And to the rest of the guys, too." He paused. "Apparently Rod thought you were doing all right if you're going

back again."

"Yes, he was happy about it. And he certainly pays well."

Paul nodded. "He's known for that. He'll spend as much as he has to when there is something he wants."

The statement had too many connotations for Wade not to feel embarrassed and awkward again. "I'll probably work there right through the rest of the week," Wade told Paul. "He said he'd like for me to stay even if Sammy does come back."

"I see." There was a moment of agonizing silence. And then Paul said it.

"You went to bed with him, didn't you, Wade?"

"Yes," Wade said. Even the tan could not hide the color in his face this time.

Paul did not say anything. He simply rose and left the kitchen, left the house. It really didn't matter anymore, Wade knew.

Nothing really mattered. He and Paul would never have made it together, anyway.

He was playing the piano, and he was drunk. It was the first time he had ever gotten smashed while working, but that, too, did not matter. He had already told Rod that tonight would be his last night, that tomorrow he had to leave for Los Angeles. He had moved his suitcase into Rod's apartment upstairs, because, he did not want to face Paul again -- and he was certain Paul did not want to see him either.

It was just as well. Probably for the better. Hell, a guy like Paul would only spoil him for Rick when he went home. But a few sessions with Rod plowing his ass unmercifully would make Rick's actions seem like the ultimate in a give-and-take, well-balanced relationship.

And soon he would be getting that brutal, unfeeling fucking. The more he drank, the more he looked forward to it.

It was time he face the truth about himself at last.

It was what he wanted. Drunk, he knew it. Sober, he could only try to run from it.

About midnight, Rod told Henry to turn up all the lights in the big ceiling fixture and when he had everyone's attention, he announced that the place would close at twelve-thirty. He answered the groans and boos by giving all the patrons a drink on the house.

Wade played a long set and then at a signal from Rod, switched to "Goodnight Ladies", and had the bar empty and locked within five minutes.

When he got upstairs to Rod's apartment, he was surprised to be handed an envelope with his night's pay and to be told, "Come on, Wade, I'm taking you somewhere special." When he asked to know more about it, Rod only said, "You'll see when you get there," and gave his ass a brief, possessive feeling up.

His car was in a tiny garage situated behind the bar. It was a black Cadillac convertible, but he did not put the top down, saying that they would be at their destination too soon to take advantage of riding in the open air.

Even though he had known Rod such a short time, Wade could recognize the look on his face as one of sexual expectancy, and he felt, himself warming to the possibilities of what lay ahead. Maybe it was going to be a threesome, perhaps even four. Whatever, Wade was ready for it. He wanted to emerge himself in warm, hard, male bodies, in flesh, in uninhibited sex; he wanted to forget that he had ever met Paul.

The first shock came as they drove up to park before the hotel. Wade recognized it as the hotel where Paul worked.

"Who are we going to see?" Wade asked again, more insistently this time, giving away his apprehension.

"A couple of swinging tourists," Rod told him. "They came in the club one night. Believe me, you'll enjoy them."

They stopped in front of a door and Rod knocked. A few moments later a voice called, "Who is it?" and when Rod identified himself, there was only a moment's delay before the door opened. The room beyond was in darkness.

They stepped through and then a switch snapped and several lamps came on.

Wade had to keep himself from gasping at the scene in the room.

There were at least a dozen guys there, ranging in age from their late teens to maybe thirty, thirty-one. Except for the variations in coloring and complexion from blonds to golden tans to olive-skinned brunettes, they all had several things in common: above-average looks, running to several extraordinarily handsome faces, excellent builds, including one body-builder who bordered on the incredulous, and a total absence of clothing. Only in a beach locker room or a YMCA pool had Wade seen so many males naked at one time. And horny.

They had come into the middle of a very active sex scene. When the lights had come on, even the most involved lovers had paused long enough for a look at the newcomers. Many of them went quickly back to the kissing, jerking, sucking they had been doing before Wade's arrival, and Wade's cock was as hard as most of those he could see.

Rod introduced him to the handsome, dark haired college jock who had answered the door, and right away Wade knew that this party was being thrown by the guys Paul had spoken of that afternoon.

"Wade, this is Tom."

As they shook hands, Rod began to strip his clothes off. Soon he was naked and Tom was fondling his prick.

"Don't be shy, Wade," Tom said. "Get undressed."

A dark shadow walked by and said, "I'll get you a drink. What'll it be?"

"I don't need a drink," Wade said. "I need..."

"Rod already told me what you need, Wade," Tom said then. "Come in the bedroom with me... I've been waiting to give it to you."

It was so abrupt, he could do nothing but obey. Tom stood behind him, his hands on his waist, propelling him through the dimly lit rooms to the bedroom. Someone handed them a joint on the way, someone else a popper.

His head swam with the dope, with the alcohol from the club. Tom was undressing him -- and Wade realized how big the boy was, how his pectorals bulged, noticed the deep ravine in his hairless chest.

"Ever been worked over by a hockey player?" Tom laughed.

Wade was too stoned to really understand what he was talking about.

"We go in for the rough stuff sometimes," Tom was telling him.

"Anything," Wade heard himself muttering. "Anything... Tom..."

Then he was naked and being pushed back onto the bed.

Only vaguely was he aware of the fact that some other people had entered the room, another of the college jocks with Rod. They stood near the bed and the stranger-friend of Tom's asked, "Is this the bitch you were talking about, Rod?"

"Yeah, that's him. Biggest asshole in the USA. I fucked the shit out of him just last night."

Wade writhed on the bed, aware that Tom was climbing up to straddle him.

He looked groggily up, saw the magnificent body, reached for it with one weak, listless, uncertain hand.

"Me and my buddy Joe have something a little special planned out for you, cocksucker," Tom was saying down into Wade's face. "Little something we've been wanting to try out on some horny bitch like you for a long time. I'm betting that you'll love it."

The other jock, obviously Joe, joined in. "Give it to him, Tom. Cram it up his ass till he squeals like a stuck pig. I wanna hear him yell. Go on fuck the little sissy's ass off."

Wade felt one of Tom's fingers digging into his asshole. He relaxed, loving the feeling, and spread his legs wide to accommodate him. Wade closed his eyes and reveled in the sensations of the finger jabbing into his opening; his head writhed on the pillow and he did not even see when Tom reached over to a table nearby and picked up a gigantic and thickly lubricated dildo.

With one hand, eyes still closed, Wade was pulling at Tom's cock, feeling his hairy balls, anxious to get the meat inside him. The cock was not particularly long, but it was incredibly big around, and Wade loved thick pricks the best.

With his hand, Tom parted the flaccid buttocks and held the dildo into position. And before Wade could utter a word, he suddenly felt a jabbing, piercing object force the muscles of his asshole to yield. The tapered end of the dildo moved quickly up the tight channel.

"What is it?" Wade cried in genuine alarm. "What are you doing to me?"

The others in the room laughed. Both Joe and Rod had moved up to stand at the edge of the bed so that they had level, even sight of the boy's upraised legs and the well exposed asshole.

"I'm fucking you, cocksucker, what do you think?" Tom laughed. "I'm fucking you with a fifteen-inch dildo." Their sadistic laughter filled the room, drowning out Wade's feeble pleas and moans. "Rod says you've got the one asshole in town that can for sure take it," Tom said. "And I for one think he's right."

As he felt his asshole stretching to receive the thick shaft of the dildo, Wade suddenly dropped his hips down onto the bed, retreating from the unbearable pain. He yelled loudly as the sharp stinging waves spread through his bowels and stomach. But Tom was relentless in his effort. His hand held the dildo tightly as he drove it deeper and deeper into the dark crevice. And with one long, even stroke, he plunged it all the way to its base as Wade yelled and gripped his pillow to his face.

Joe laughed and brushed his long brown hair from his forehead as he climbed upon the bed and knelt on his haunches for a better look. His big cock was jutting out from between, his almost too-muscular thighs, and as he looked down at Wade's ravaged asshole, covered with a slimy mixture of shit, mood, mucus, and lubrication, he began to work his cock with his hand, jerking it off over Wade's stomach.

"How's it feel, bitch?" Rod asked, stroking his own gigantic cock.

Wade could not reply, could only lie there sighing and hoping there was no more to come. He was gorged and distended with the huge weapon; the hairy lips of his asshole gripped the base tightly.

Joe moved upward, across Wade's body, and then scooted himself forward until he was sitting in the boy's face. His hairy, sweaty, weighty prick dropped down into Wade's face, flopping against his cheekbones while the big balls covered his mouth. "How'd you like to eat some dick while you're getting those fifteen inches?" Joe leered down at him. "I bet you like getting fucked in the ass and the mouth at the same time, don't you, cocksucker?"

He took his prick into his hand and began to beat it roughly right in Wade's face, jerking himself off so that each time his hand moved to the tip of his cock, his fist struck Wade roughly against the chin.

"Lick my balls," Joe said. "Get those big hairy balls down your fucking throat before I choke you to death with 'em."

Wade obeyed, taking first one and then the other, licking them all over, nibbling at the wiry little hairs. The weight of the big bulky cock was

tremendous and Wade, growing a bit more accustomed to the monstrosity rammed up his ass was beginning to enjoy the scene a little.

Tom reached for the base of the dildo with both hands. He pulled it out slightly in order to get a better grip. Then with a twisting motion, he turned on the vibrator. The only sound in the room was the steady buzz of the electric dildo and the sobs and moans of Wade's stunned pain.

"Rip the bitch open, Tommy boy!" Rod called loudly.

Wade was like, putty in their hands now, his body racked with a combination of excruciating pain and exhilarating pleasure. The vibrator stuck out of his asshole as he lay there before them with his legs stuck up in the air. Tom gripped the slippery base and began to move it slowly in and out, pumping the dildo deep into Wade's ass. His thighs quivered as he felt the ramming pole pushing and pulling and tearing at the tender walls of his ass.

And then Wade began to like it. The harder he sucked Joe's balls, the more absorbed he grew in the heavy, masculine body above him -- the smells of him, the feel of his hard body -- and consequently the more absorbed in the total experience he became. The vibrator tickled inside as much as it hurt. It really was, he decided, like a hard gigantic cock slamming in and out of him. He began to move with it. And it felt good inside him then, very good. It went so fucking far -- but there was sure room for it, many different men had seen to that, and now, in a way, in a very perverse and self-hating way, Wade found himself rather pleased to find that his asshole was big enough to take the giant-size vibrator prick.

He began to move in a slow, steady rhythm. Going slow, gave him a chance to savor the experience. "It's fantastic," he moaned, talking against one of Joe's hairy nuts. "Oh, it feels so good. You can go faster, Tom.

Faster."

"Holy shit, the bitch loves it!" Tom laughed wildly.

"Give him some more of it then," Rod said. "Hell, ram the thing up him until you lose it in that big asshole!"

Joe began to beat off furiously into his face. And Wade could feel the deep sensation inside his asshole as the vibrator sent waves of thrilling pleasure throughout his body. His cock was responding in jerking spasms as he felt the dildo vibrating against the hard, throbbing gland inside his asshole. The shaft of the rapidly vibrating dildo lay directly against his prostate gland and it was sending him into a shuddering sexual ecstasy like he had never known before.

Tom, too, had begun to beat himself off, still between Wade's legs, holding the vibrator in with one hand and pounding his meat with the other. He continued to drive the machine ruthlessly in and out of Wade's ravaged asshole, and Wade had begun to respond by moving his hips to meet each thrust. His legs quivered and his toes were wiggling as they pointed toward the ceiling. His breathing was heavier now and his head was tossing from side to side as he felt himself being lifted to an unknown level, a height of passion he had never known existed. It was as if there were nothing else in the world, no head, no arms, no legs, no mind --

nothing but his throbbing cock and palpitating asshole and a pair of big hairy balls smothering his face. It was all that mattered.

"I'm coming!" Wade screamed. "Oh, shit, fuck, oh, I'm shooting... oh, you fuckers, here comes my load!" And the hot seed came erupting from his balls, shooting straight up into the air. A moment later his face was covered and smeared all over with Joe's come. It spurted into his hair, all over his forehead, some of it dripped into his mouth.

Tom continued fucking him with the vibrator until every drop of his seed was released. His ass continued to pump up and down, meeting the thrust of each stroke as the dildo buried itself deep inside his asshole. Then, as his cock suddenly fell down against his stomach and the last drops of come squirted out, Wade began to yell in a frantic, panting voice, "Take it out! Get it out! Oh, shit, get that fucking thing out of my asshole!"

The muscles of his ass constricted and held tightly onto the vibrator, which felt like a huge turd that wouldn't come out.

He was covered with sticky white cream. Tom released a huge load through the mushroom head of his thick cock, shooting it all over Wade's crotch.

Rod had stepped up close enough to the bed to spill his load all over Wade's chest. And when they were all finished with him, Tom reached down and yanked the vibrator straight out of his ass as violently as Rod had jerked his cock out of him only the night before.

Joe moved away from his come-splattered face, rose. And with one hand he reached over, took. Wade's arm, and pulled him off the bed and onto the floor. Wade lay there between them, his head surrounded by six bare feet.

There was a moment of silence, as if they were trying to decide what to do with him next.

"Please," Wade moaned. "Please... I've had enough... let me leave, let me get out of here... I just want to get out of here and never have to see any of you dirty bastards again as long as I live. Let me go!"

"Sure," Rod said. Then he laughed. "One last good-bye present," he said.

"No!" Wade cried, eyes turned upward, suddenly realizing, with genuine and total revulsion, what the man was going to do. "No! Please, Rod!"

Then he could only bury his face. The piss splattered down from Rod's huge, still semi-hard prick at first in a small trickle, and then in a large, stinging stream. The terrible smells intermingled all over his body with the piss; the yellow liquid ran over his back, down into his crotch, down his legs, mixing with the come.

Rod, without another word, walked away. Tom and Joe stood there laughing, amused to see the object of their contempt so degraded and debased.

Furiously, Wade sat up, grabbed the cover from the bed, and tried to clean himself with it. If he could just get clean enough to get his clothes on and get out of here, then everything would be all right. He didn't know where he would go tonight or what he would do, now or ever, but he had to get out of this terrible room where he had shamed himself beyond all justification for these strangers, these handsome, arrogant, masculine strangers.

"My clothes," he murmured. "Where are my clothes?"

An arm reached out, handed them to him. Wade looked up and was so startled that the mute, unseeing shock which had resulted from his panic disappeared; he was back in reality again.

Paul had come into the room. How long had he been there? Had he seen?

What was he doing here?

Wade grabbed his clothes and, holding them against his naked body as if ashamed of his nudity, he turned away from Paul.

"Go away," he said. "I don't want you to be here."

"It's no great pleasure for me to be here," Paul said softly.

"I don't want you to see this... to know I..."

"To know what Rick has done to you?" Paul said in the same quiet voice.

"I knew that all along, Wade. You told me. Remember?"

Wade turned to look at him, imploringly now. "Can I come back?" he asked.

"Just for tonight?"

"I leave tomorrow... I'll go back to Rick... but just let me stay tonight, I've got to have somewhere to stay tonight. I... I don't know what else to do, Paul. I..."

"You don't have to talk if you don't want to," Paul said, helping him into his clothes. "It's all right. You can stay as long as you want, I told you that before. You should have believed me, Wade, trusted me..."

about a lot of things."

"Paul..."

"No more words, Wade. Not tonight. Come on, let's go home."

THE END